HARPER'S WEEKLY.

A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

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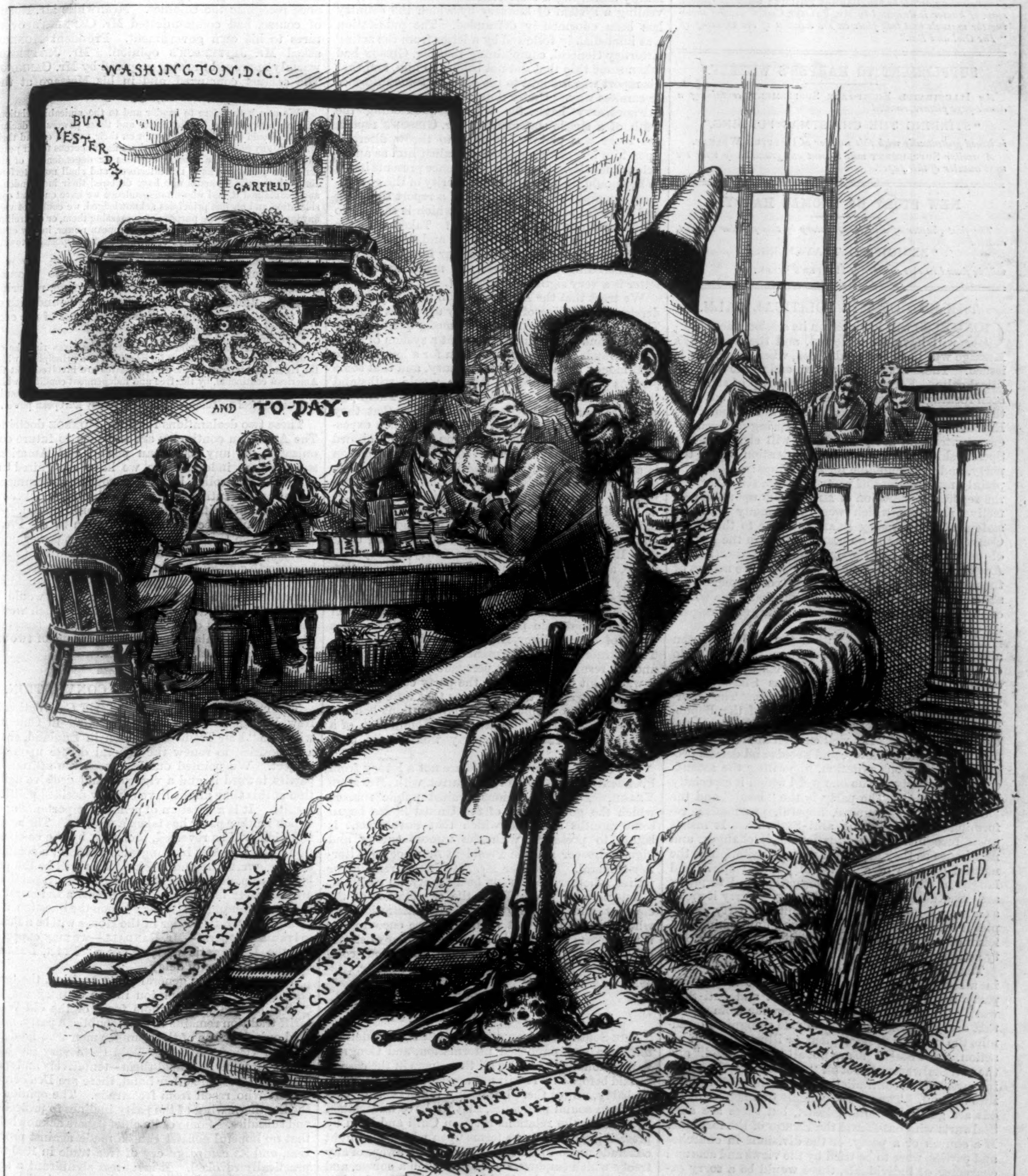


WASHINGTON, D.C.
BUT YESTERDAY,
GARFIELD
AND TO-DAY.
LAW
ANYTHING FOR A LAUGH.
"FUNNY" INSANITY BY GUITEAU.
ANYTHING FOR NOTORIETY.
INSANITY RUNS THROUGH THE (HUMAN) FAMILY.
GARFIELD
Th. Nast.

FROM GRAVE TO GAY.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, December 10, 1881.

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

An Illustrated Weekly—16 Pages.

Harper's Young People *No. 110, issued December 6, contains an interesting historical article entitled "A War for an Archbishop," by* Mr. George Cary Eggleston, *illustrated; a brilliant description of the game of "Foot-Ball," by* Sherwood Ryse, *illustrated with engravings and diagrams; the usual installment of the serial story, illustrated; an amusing sketch entitled "Max Rander's Adventure in Berlin," by* Matthew White, Jun.; *a short story called "Amateur Indians," by the popular author* Mr. James Otis; *together with other articles of interest. The illustrations form a feature of special attraction. The front page shows a group of dogs; on the opening pages are given a beautiful art picture, entitled "The Two Pets," and one of the coast of Spitzbergen, illustrating an article by* Mr. Barnet Philips; *while the readers' sense of humor is delighted by* Mr. Palmer Cox's *sketches showing the marvels that took place on the occasion of the wedding of "The Owl and Bat."*

SUPPLEMENT TO HARPER'S WEEKLY.

An Illustrated Eight-page Supplement, *containing a double-page picture, entitled*

"STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING,"

is issued gratuitously with this number of Harper's Weekly.

A similar Supplement *will be sent out gratuitously with the next number of this paper.*

NEW STORY BY THOMAS HARDY.

The first chapter of a new short story by this popular novelist, entitled

"BENIGHTED TRAVELLERS,"

will be found in this number of Harper's Weekly.

THE END OF THE POLITICAL CALM.

Congress will have begun its session, the Speaker will have been elected, and the President's Message will have been published, when this paper is issued. These events will put an end to the long political calm. For some months the ship of state has been rocking like a ship in the "Doldrums"; but with the assembling of Congress, and the indication of the Executive policy, brisk winds will spring up from every quarter, and the placid scene will change. The Speakership contest has been a contention within the party, and it was notable for two things: one was the plainly marked lines of party division, the other was the reported declaration of Mr. **Kasson** upon the protective principle, which was in harmony with the statement in Secretary **Blaine**'s letter to the Tariff Convention, "that at no previous time in the history of our country has the principle of protection of American industry been so strong with the masses of the people as to-day." Mr. **Kasson** complements this statement by his reported assertion that "the whole continent of Europe attributes to it our great prosperity and rapid growth in wealth."

The drawing of lines within the party has been along the old division. It is deep and bitter, and to obliterate it will require great address upon the part of the Administration. The terms Stalwart and anti-Stalwart merely define tendencies. The Bourbon, stationary, reactionary element of the Republican party is called Stalwart. Its principle is the old conservatism, "Let well enough alone." It prefers the traditional issues, and avoids and detests progress as dangerous agitation, imperiling the ascendency of the party. The one word which it especially hates is reform. The party is the "be-all" and the "end-all." The younger, hopeful, progressive, reforming tendency is the anti-Stalwart. It insists upon recognizing the situation as it changes, and new issues as they arise. It regards agitation as the natural exercise of a healthful political spirit, and laughs at the theory that stagnation and torpidity are essential elements of well-being. Party it views as a means, not an end, and fidelity to party principles it believes to be compatible with unflinching criticism of party methods and repudiation of illicit party action.

These are the two ancient and familiar tendencies in all organized action, which in the Republican party are distinguished as Stalwart and anti-Stalwart. To say this, however, is very far from saying that every adherent upon each side recognizes or admits the truth of the statement, or illustrates it in his action. The Stalwarts are not all "hide-bound," and the anti-Stalwarts are not all "reformers." Immense inconsistencies, contradictions, and laughable absurdities abound. Thus the opponents of machine methods are generally anti-Stalwart, but there are anti-Stalwarts who out-Herod the **Herod** of the machine. If a church or a party, or the divisions in churches and parties, were to be tried by the views and acts and character of individuals, there would be a sorry exhibition of inconsistency. If the cause of the Union had been tested by the bounty-jumpers, the tramps, and the cowards in the army, it would not have seemed to be very glorious. If, therefore, it shall appear that the Administration, whose probable general spirit and tendency will be discerned as this paper is issued, is to be distinctively Stalwart, it will be accepted as a reactionary Administration. The clear perception of that fact would be a great misfortune, and the message will be carefully scanned to discover the signs of the course to be pursued, with the earnest hope of the great body of progressive Republicans that the party is to go forward and not backward.

THE STAR ROUTE ROBBERIES.

It is to be hoped that the Star Route robbery prosecutions are not regarded by anybody as a quarrel between the Administration and Mr. **MacVeagh**. But it is evident that the friends of the robbers command a powerful influence. An elaborate and thorough report by Mr. **Gibson** has been published, which tells in conclusive detail the story of the robbery. It is as fatally damaging a statement as could be made, revealing a system of knavery by which the country has been enormously defrauded. The publication was immediately followed by a letter from the acting Attorney-General, complaining that Mr. **Gibson** had taken some title that did not belong to him, and that his report was brought to the office in some informal or careless way. Under the circumstances, it was an extraordinary letter, for without questioning the truth of a single statement in Mr. **Gibson**'s report, the letter was plainly intended to throw discredit upon him by exciting prejudice against him as an officious meddler. The question at once presents itself, Why should the prosecuting authority of the government attempt to break the force of a report so strong and so useful to the government, which is seeking to expose and punish public crimes? Taken with the two failures to bring cases to trial, and with the loud and truculent assertions of the Star Route Ring that the proceedings were a farce, and meant to fail, this letter is a very significant incident.

We trust that the Administration does not misunderstand the feeling of the country upon this subject. There is a profound conviction among quiet and intelligent and observant citizens that a system of monstrous frauds has been in operation for a long time to steal money from the public Treasury, and that some persons are concerned in it who would withstand the exposure of the truth at every cost. These persons are plainly understood to intimate that they command influences which will prevent such exposures. It is part of the conviction that the absurd fuss about Attorney-General **MacVeagh**'s resignation is a mere trick to divert attention from the frauds, and to prepare the public mind to believe an abandonment or a failure of the prosecution to be the result of Mr. **MacVeagh**'s impracticable conduct in insisting upon retiring. The great and intelligent body of citizens who hold these opinions are watching these Star Route proceedings very narrowly. They will judge, and the country will judge, the Administration by the result. If there is not the clearest evidence that the success of the prosecutions is desired, and they should fail, the effect upon the Administration and the Republican party would be like that of the event of the Whiskey Ring prosecutions in 1875-6. The extraordinary performances of that prosecution and the result went far to persuade the country that it was about time to change the party control of the government, and if the influences that were gratified by the failure of some of those prosecutions had not been defeated at Cincinnati in the nomination of a President, the Republican party would have been overthrown.

The Star Route prosecutions are not a legacy from President **Garfield** nor a quarrel with Mr. **MacVeagh**. They are actions against public robbers which the government of the United States began some months ago, and which that government is bound to prosecute with the utmost energy and vigor, whoever may be President or whoever Attorney-General. Whether Mr. **MacVeagh** remains or retires, whether Mr. **Gibson** be a deputy, an assistant, a detective, or a coadjutor, the expectation of the country and the duty of the Administration are wholly unchanged. It would be more encouraging if the reports from Washington were fuller of stories of the zeal of the prosecution than of captious comments upon Mr. **MacVeagh**'s obstinacy and Mr. **Gibson**'s title.

THE SOUTH AMERICAN AFFAIR.

The South American complication is not intelligible upon any published information, and Congress will undoubtedly require all the papers in the case to be laid before it. It will not appear from the papers, probably, unless there has been a remarkable departure from sound principles, that we have undertaken to regulate the relations between Chili and Peru by prescribing to Chili the terms upon which she might conclude peace with Peru. We are not aware of any treaty which empowers us to take such a course, and it is certainly not justified by any principle of public law. To call such a proceeding an "active interpretation" of the **Monroe** doctrine is merely to try to cover unwarranted conduct with a meaningless phrase. The **Monroe** doctrine is plainly defined in President **Monroe**'s Message. It may be useful to recall his precise words, that it may be seen what "active interpretation" it will bear.

President **Monroe**'s declaration was the result of the correspondence of Mr. **Rush**, our minister in England, with Mr. **Canning**, the British Foreign Secretary, in 1823. It was then plain that Spain could not recover her control of her South American colonies, and equally plain that France, then successfully invading Spain, would aim at re-imbursement from those colonies. To prevent this result, Mr. **Canning** proposed to Mr. **Rush** that the United States and Great Britain should unite in a declaration that while they did not propose to take any of the colonies themselves, nor to obstruct any amicable negotiations with Spain, "they could not see the transfer of any portion of them to any other power with indifference." Mr. **Rush** agreed to take the responsibility of joining in this declaration, provided that Great Britain would at once recognize the colonies. Meanwhile Mr. **Rush**, of course, had communicated Mr. **Canning**'s overtures to his own government. President **Monroe** asked Mr. **Jefferson**'s opinion. Mr. **Jefferson** warmly approved the step proposed by Mr. **Canning**. The cabinet concurred, and in his Message at the opening of Congress President **Monroe** said:

> "We owe it therefore to candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This was the declaration in regard to Spanish America. In another part of the Message, referring to negotiations with Russia about the boundaries of the two powers on the northwestern coast of the continent, President **Monroe** said:

> "In the discussion to which this interest has given rise, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interest of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European power."

These two declarations form the **Monroe** doctrine. The American continents are not open to future colonization by any European power, and American states whose independence we have recognized are not to be controlled by any European government. It was an Executive declaration which has never received an authoritative legislative confirmation. In substance and effect it was an assertion by the President that the United States, as the great power upon the Western continent, held that the continent must henceforth control its own destiny. It was not, however, a declaration that the United States would assume the autocracy of the continent, and it would be an exceedingly "active interpretation" which would find in the words of President **Monroe** an assertion of a claim to regulate the mutual relations of two independent American governments.

THE NATIONAL TARIFF CONVENTION.

The meeting of the National Tariff Convention in New York and a late similar meeting in Chicago, with the "Fair Trade" discussion in England, show a disposition to renew the general debate upon the subject. We pointed out last week the attitude of parties toward it, and a vigorous and decisive agitation at this time might have equally decided political results. It is a question of primary importance upon which neither party has taken a position. The actual situation will be revealed, probably, by the co-operation of both parties in Congress to appoint a commission to investigate and report. This will be the policy of postponement, of which parties in critical times are naturally fond. Even so extreme a Democrat as Senator **Voorhees** is "shaky" upon the question, and as the Democratic leader in the House will be a Pennsylvania Democrat—Mr. **Randall**—we may expect to see the Democratic party favor a "**Polk**, **Dallas**, and tariff" policy of delay.

While this is the general party position, the tendency and weight of opinion in the country may be easily inferred. The whole force of the old Whig tariff tradition remains in the Republican party, modified only by some of the younger men who hold the modern views. But they hold them very much as President **Garfield** held them—tentatively and speculatively. On the other hand, there are Democratic leaders who recoil from free trade. The opinion of the Southern wing of the party inclines to protection and subsidies. Some of its chief papers acknowledge that no hopeful contest can be made against protection, and its campaign cry of free trade in 1880 was practically revoked. It is no less significant a sign that the National Tariff Convention meets in the great commercial metropolis, the chief seat of the free-trade doctrine. The experience of the campaign of 1880 was conclusive. The moment that the Democratic party was put upon the defense of its plank of tariff for revenue only, it broke and fled. The argument that the Democrats were seeking to reduce American laborers to the pauper wages of Europe was decisive, and the brief discussion, which was but a late episode in the campaign, threw a great deal of light upon the situation.

The general debate, however, will be most serviceable if it leads to a reasonable reform of tariff taxation. The vexatious details of a tariff ought to be corrected, although, as it is a kind of log-rolling scheme, correction is exceedingly difficult. If the bellows-makers are protected, there is no sound reason why the brush-finishers should not be protected; and if it be unfair that the calico-printer should be in danger of pauper wages, it is no less unjust that the cotton-spinners should be exposed to them. It becomes at last a competition of interests to be protected, and as the interests control votes, a general compromise and adjustment is inevitable. But to lay a tax of more than 240 per cent. on whiting and Paris white, as a correspondent of the *Times* points out, and to collect $18,000 in duties upon a cost of $7000, is ridiculous and indefensible. A tariff may be plausibly sustained upon the ground of fostering industries essential to national independence or to diversified labor, but it is always necessary to show in what way a particular private monopoly is a public benefit. A tariff is a public bounty to certain citizens to enable them to do a losing business. The community ought not to be expected to grant this bounty unless it can be proved that it will necessarily benefit the community. To grant it for the reason that it is pursued by certain persons or classes is to argue that every pursuit and profession should be subsidized.

A PROUD TALE.

The twenty-ninth annual report of the Children's Aid Society, which has just been published, tells a tale of which New York may be justly proud.

> "It may be truly said that there is no occasion now for any child in New York to be homeless or street-wandering. No child need beg or steal for a living; no boy or girl engaged in a street occupation is obliged to be without a home for the night or a school for instruction. Every one can easily find a place where moral and religious instruction is given. Moreover, the thousands of the poor children in tenement-houses who are too ragged and dirty for the public schools, or a part of whose day must always be spent in street occupations, have schools now adapted to their needs and their employment."

The significance of such a statement is immense. But the remarkable result which it records is due to thoughtful and persistent care and observation. It is the natural fruit of that wise spirit of modern charity which holds that mere giving is not charity, but that charity consists in intelligent giving. Charity is a virtue, and its true operation helps instead of harming. But mere giving is mere harm. It is not a virtue because there is no sacrifice in giving what is not felt to be a loss; and it is still less a virtue because it is selfishly intended to take the place of personal care and trouble. If anybody is touched by the apparent suffering of the beggar at the door or in the street, let him not give until he knows that giving is needed; and if he can not ascertain for himself, let him apply to those who will investigate, and give to them. This is the efficient principle of modern charity. It is sometimes sneeringly derided as scientific, but it is of the very essence of Christianity.

This is the principle of the Children's Aid Society—we had almost said of Mr. Brace, for the society and its beneficence are as much his work as the reform of prisons was the work of John Howard. He has been for a generation noiselessly building a monument more enduring than marble. During the year the society has spent about $230,000. This money was well because systematically and intelligently expended. Two hundred thousand destitute boys and girls were sheltered and fed in the lodging-houses; 100,000 girls were taught in the industrial schools; 1348 persons—all of them children but 349—were sent to homes in the West, making more than 63,000 so provided for since 1853. The Newsboys' Lodging-House has cared for nearly 180,000 boys, besides receiving from them as savings-bank deposits nearly $53,000. The twelve physicians at the Sick Children's Mission have attended 2600 patients. The cost of the work is not great. In the industrial schools it is $22 25 per year for each child; in the Lodging-House, $38 84; in the expeditions to the West, $8 23. The claim of the society that the work of intelligent charity in the city has lessened childish vagrancy, and that youthful crime does not grow with population despite the influx of foreigners is sustained by facts which the report cites. The number of commitments of girls and women for vagrancy fell from 5880 in 1860 to 1541 in 1880; of girl thieves, from 1 in 739 in 1863 to 1 in 3870 in 1880; the number of male vagrants was diminished 900 in twenty-one years; of male thieves, 615 in the same time, notwithstanding the increase in population.

How much of all that this Society has accomplished during the year with $230,000 would have been achieved if that sum of money had been given indiscriminately and carelessly? The report of the Children's Aid Society should be the most persuasive argument with everybody, as the winter begins and turns all hearts to charity, not to give in the street or at the door, and not to be content with not giving, but to send the child to the Children's Aid, or the adult to the Society for Relief, that every applicant may have his case considered.

HOW TO TAKE A HINT.

With the happy-go-lucky grace of the American temperament, we may have forgotten that a few weeks since there was a general apprehension of a water famine, and of untold urban woes from fire and pestilence. The copious and welcome rains of the autumn have washed away our fears, but the fact nevertheless remains that the arrangements of the water supply for the city are inadequate. The test of good sense is ability to be warned; to act upon the hint, and not wait for the kick. This has been the merit of English domestic statesmanship for nearly two centuries. The foot, indeed, has been energetically lifted more than once, but timely action has spared it the necessity of kicking.

Mr. Hubert O. Thompson is an author whose works may not be so familiar as those of Mr. Tupper, but they are much more valuable. In his latest production, dated at the Department of Public Works, this interesting author apprises the reader that in three months from July 18 of this year the natural flow of the Croton decreased from 95,000,000 gallons per day to less than 10,000,000 gallons. The entire Croton water-shed is estimated to furnish a daily water supply of 200,000,000 gallons. This is all at our service if we will furnish the storage room, and it would remove the fear of water famine for many a year.

The learned author proposes another storage reservoir on the eastern bank of the Croton. There should be no doubt of its speedy erection. Public works, indeed, involve great and costly jobbery; but this is a vital public necessity, and taking every possible precaution against jobs, this dream of the poet of the public works should be made real without delay.

PUBLIC BENEFACTORS.

The Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York is rapidly accumulating the treasures of which it is the natural custodian, and General Di Cesnola's reception in Europe during the last summer shows how highly esteemed he is in the highest circles of archæological art. The Museum is already one of the most interesting and fascinating public resorts in the city, and the technical schools, which the munificence of some of its friends has sustained, have been of the greatest service for their purpose.

One of the incidental advantages to the public of the Metropolitan Museum is that by its means the public falls heir to the most valuable collections of art treasures, and becomes the beneficiary of men of wealth and taste. Every generous collector instinctively wishes to share the enjoyment and the instruction of his collections with others. The true lover of beauty acknowledges its native right to universal admiration. And as the waters flow from all sides to the river, the art collections of individuals constantly tend, and we hope will tend more and more, to enrich the galleries of the Museum.

During the last few months the Museum has received costly gifts from Mr. Marquand of exquisite ancient glass, and from Mr. Barlow of old terra cotta, and from the bequest of Mr. Stephen Whitney Phœnix. His gift is defined in his will as all his "statuary, oil-paintings, drawings in water-color and crayon, embroideries, framed engravings, framed lithographs, framed photographs (excepting those relating to the history of the city of New York), lacquer-ware, carvings in ivory, wood, or metal, jade or precious stones, bronzes, enamels, rock-crystal and glass, porcelain and faience, coins, silver-ware, and mosaics." It is a thoughtful and munificent gift to the pleasure and instruction of his native city, and helps to make his native city pleasanter and more instructive to the citizens of all cities. It is by such a spirit in its people that a city becomes a true metropolis.

CHIEF JUSTICE ANDREWS.

Governor Cornell's appointment of Judge Andrews to be Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, in place of Mr. Folger, has been received with great satisfaction. There are four chief qualifications of a judge: inflexible integrity, intellectual ability, learning in the law, and the judicial temperament. If to these are added long experience and a just sense of the dignity of the bench, the result is a magistrate *teres atque rotundus*.

These qualifications are combined in Chief Justice Andrews. He is one of the judges who were originally elected, and he was, we believe, the youngest judge upon the bench. He has been tried by years of conspicuous service, and although, as is unavoidable in the heat of litigation, there has been sometimes decided difference of opinion, there has been no doubt of character or question of ability, and the elevation of Judge Andrews is one of the acts of the Governor which are universally commended.

The Governor's selection of Judge Benedict to replace Judge Andrews was also most satisfactory, and it is a subject of public regret that Judge Benedict has felt constrained to decline.

THE LANIER FUND.

Some of the leading citizens of Baltimore, desiring to commemorate the career of a gifted man of letters, whose life was a sharp struggle with the malady which carried him off untimely, propose to raise a fund for the widow and children of the late Sidney Lanier. The fund is to be put in trust by a committee of five of the best-known citizens, the income to be paid to his widow during her life, and the principal to be divided at her death equally among her children. The movement took form at a meeting under the auspices of the Johns Hopkins University, in which Mr. Lanier held a lecturer's chair.

Mr. Lanier's refined and beautiful character impressed itself as deeply as his genius upon those who knew him most intimately, and the appeal is made to those who sympathize with the temperament of genius struggling heroically and hopelessly with decline and death. A co-operating committee of literary gentlemen in every part of the country has been formed to receive contributions, of which Messrs. Alexander Brown & Sons, bankers, in Baltimore, will have charge; and any sum intended for so pious and grateful a purpose may be sent to G. W. Curtis, at the office of Harper's Weekly.

PERSONAL.

The irascible but open-hearted man of business and lawyer who is so frequently presented on the stage as going about secretly doing good generally, and blushing to find it known, does not often appear in real life, and it is very seldom indeed that his virtues are preached in a court of law. But a few days ago the heirs of the late John R. Townsend, appearing by his son, John D. Townsend, of this city, requested Surrogate Calvin to audit without examination the accounts of the late administrator, Samuel Treadwell Skidmore, who had had charge of the estate for thirty-five years. The Surrogate of course consented, but on looking casually over the accounts he found that Mr. Skidmore had made no charge for his services, but had left a memorandum to the effect that Mr. Townsend had been his "very dear friend," and that his children must accept his service as administrator as "a labor of love."

—Thackeray once wrote in the *Edinburgh Review* an article on N. P. Willis's *Dashes at Life*, of which Jeffrey wrote to the editor, Mr. Napier, "Mr. Willis might as well have been let alone, and his reviewer is not much better than himself." Things have changed since Willis's day. What was then regarded as an impertinent invasion of domestic privacy is in our time a principal staple of business with the leading society journals of both hemispheres, and the sayings and doings of people of position, in every walk of life, are ferreted out and reported as if the world were agape for that sort of gossip, and that only.

—King Humbert of Italy, while recently in Vienna, expressed to Mr. Phelps, our minister, his high appreciation of General Di Cesnola, and thought it a great pity that Italy should lose such a man.

—Captain Charles W. Kennedy, of the White Star steamer *Germanic*, though not a white-haired man, is nevertheless one of the ancientest of mariners, having crossed the Atlantic three hundred times. The notable fact was duly and properly celebrated at Delmonico's on the evening of November 22 by a dinner, at which a large cabinful of gentlemen assisted, made speeches, shivered their timbers, and were served their ration of grog in due nautical style. Among other eminent voyagers present who were piped for speech and anecdote were Messrs. Chauncey M. Depew, William Butler Duncan, Commodore Baldwin, C. L. Tiffany, E. A. Buck, W. D. Bishop, Le Grand Cannon, Alexander Taylor, senior and junior, etc., etc., who had done the briny with the gentlemanly skipper.

—Mr. Wilfrid S. Blunt, a gentleman of very old family, the husband of Lady Anne Blunt, Lord Byron's granddaughter, has recently published a volume of poems which are highly commended in London journals. Lady Anne Blunt is the author of *The Bedouin Tribes of the Euphrates*, a very interesting book, published here by Harper & Brothers, to which is prefixed an instructive account of the Arabian horse, and the best strains of the animal known in the East. Indeed, the volume possesses all the charm of a romance.

—It is no longer a secret that several months ago Postmaster-General James engaged to accept the presidency of a new bank in this city, to be called the Lincoln National Bank, the capital of which, with the exception of a few shares, was promptly taken by the Messrs. Vanderbilt and a few other capitalists. So eager were moneyed men to obtain its stock that ten times the number of shares not taken by those who are to control it would have been taken in twenty-four hours. The new institution is to be located near the Grand Central Dépôt, and will add to its banking features that of a Safe Deposit Company. The business of people residing on the lines of the Central, Harlem, and New Haven railroads, added to the deposits of the Vanderbilts and up-town residents, will be certain to make the institution one of the most profitable in New York.

—Mr. Mackay, the millionaire, was looked upon when at the Hague as a potentate of high degree. The landlord at the hotel where he stopped asked his servant if his master were not a king in his own country. He was assured that kings and queens were not known in America, but was not to be convinced. Exulting over his wealthy guests, he next day sent to one of the city journals an account of the arrival at his hotel of "the King and Queen of the Bonanza Mountains of California."

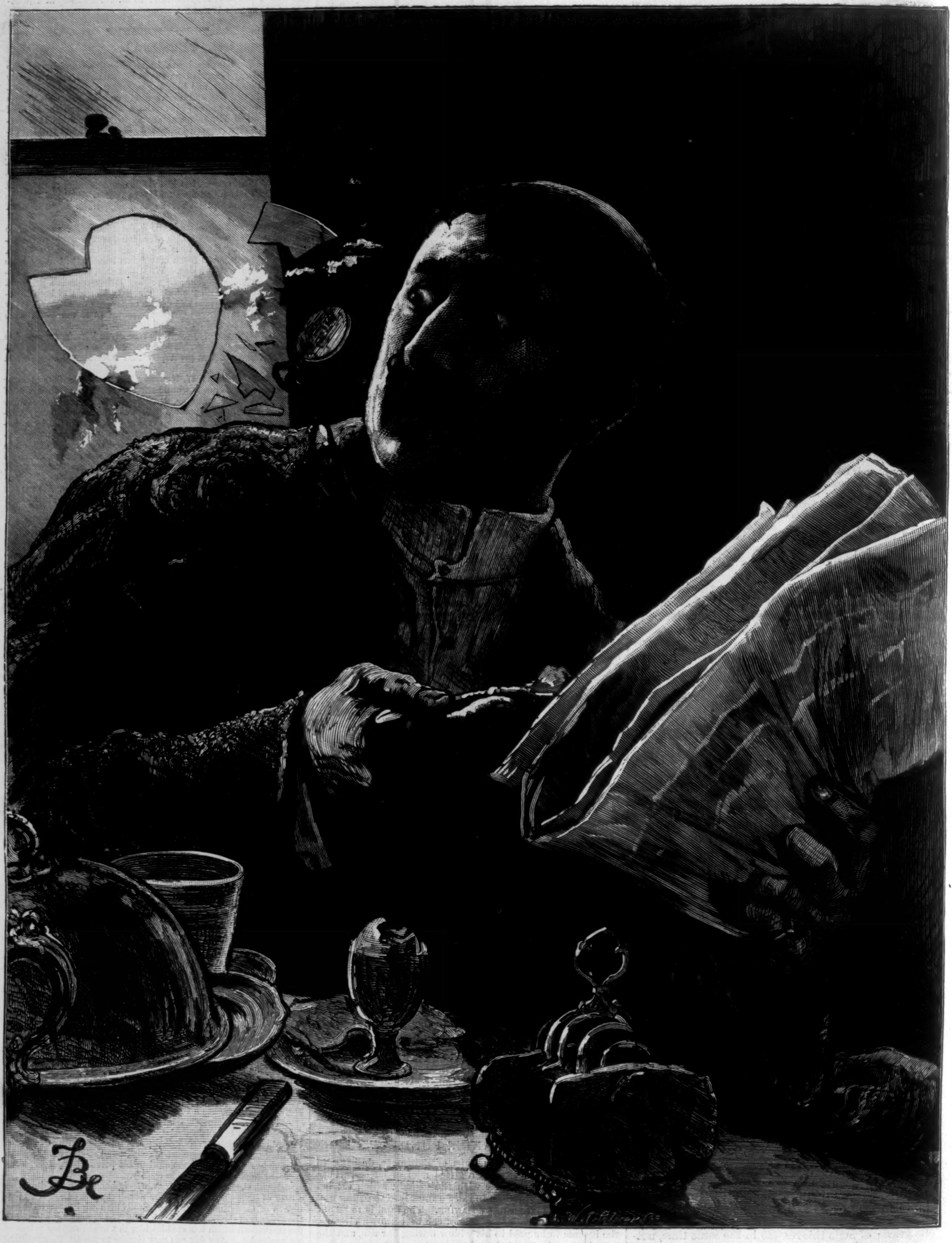
—Mr. William H. English, late an aspirant for Vice-Presidential honors, and owner of the Indianapolis Opera-house, has put a statue of his late wife in the lobby along with figures of the Graces and Muses. So saith the *Evening Post*.

—Mr. Henry Irving delivered recently in Edinburgh, by invitation, an address on the drama, which elicited from the press of that city, as well as the press of London, very marked approval. In that speech he related the following: "Talking to a very eminent bishop one day, I said to him, 'Now, my lord, why is it, with your love and knowledge of the drama, with your deep interest in the stage and all its belongings, and your wide sympathy with all that ennobles and refines our natures—why is it that you never go to the theatre?' 'Why, my dear Irving,' said he, 'I'll tell you. I am afraid of *The Rock* and *The Record*.'" Exactly; the religious press would attend to his case with relish and celerity.

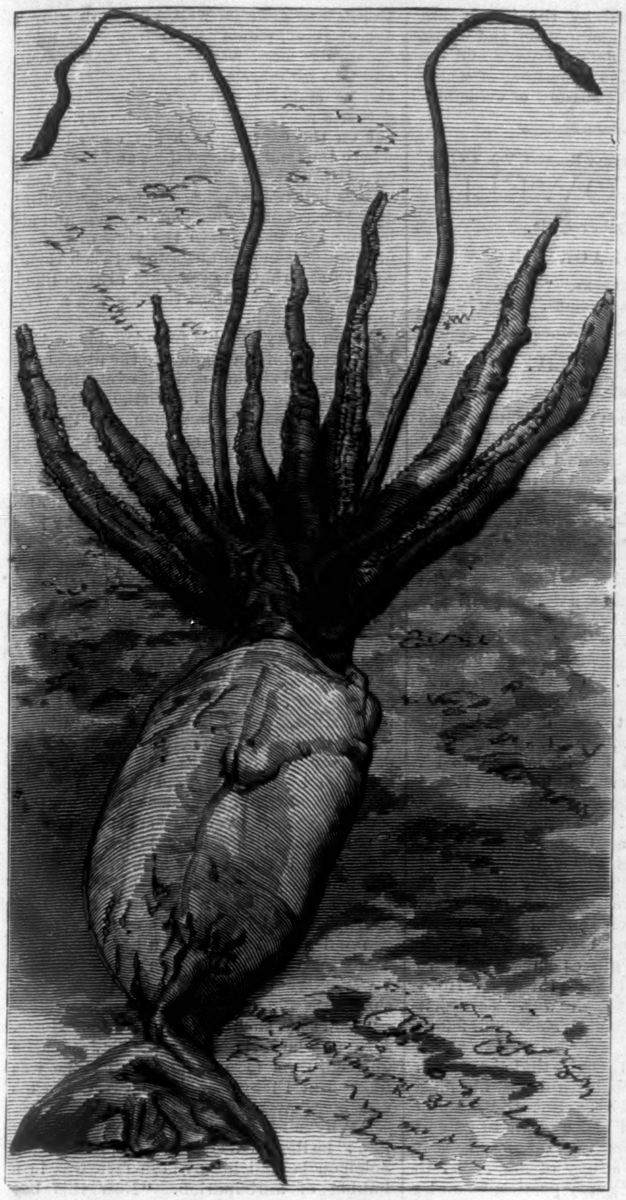
—Senator Anthony, of Rhode Island, has a specialty—the raising of poultry—and every year makes it a custom to send a fine turkey to each of the United States Senators and ex-Senators. They think very highly of Senator Anthony. Senator Williams, of Kentucky, is emulous of Senator A. on the poultry question. Recently he sold his tobacco crop, produced from less than ninety acres, for $23,000, and promised at the time of the sale to give to each buyer of a hogshead a premium of a fine fat turkey. On Thanksgiving-day he fulfilled the vow by sending to each of the forty-three purchasers a twenty-pound turkey.

—The private law-office of Judah P. Benjamin in London is furnished with two plain chairs, a table, and a few law-books. The clerks' room adjoining, though plain, is furnished with an elegance befitting one of the wealthiest practitioners in England. Though extremely simple and economical in his personal expenses, he is reported to give large sums in charity.

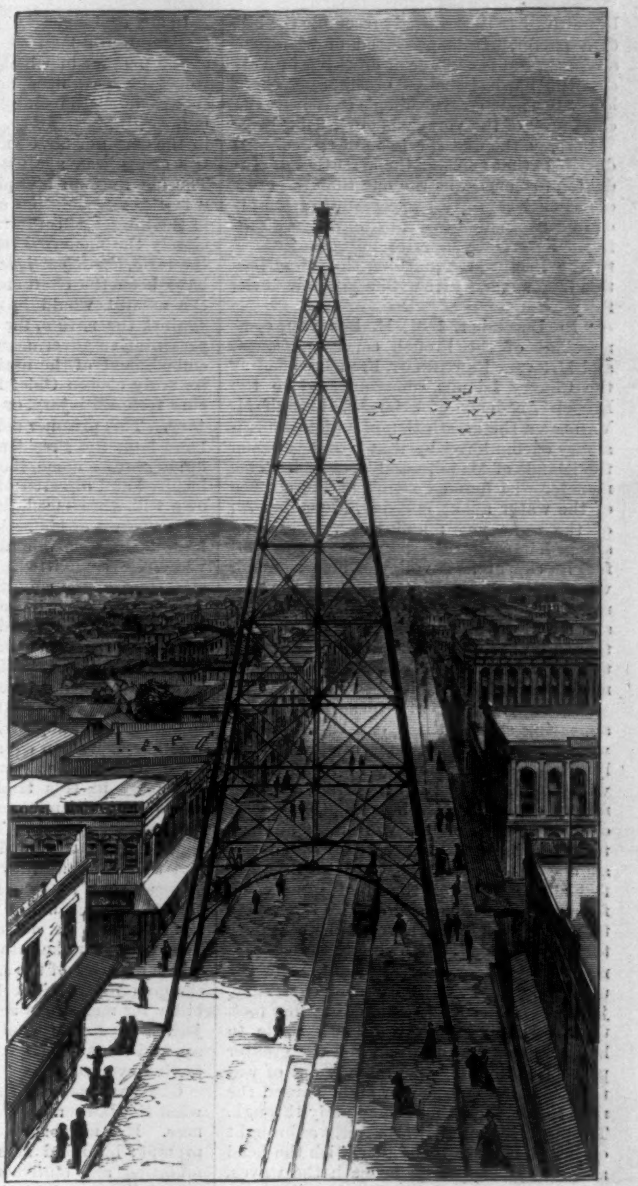
—Mr. E. C. Grenville Murray, who is known the world over as a man of letters and a man of the world, says that Dr. Tait, Archbishop of Canterbury, is the first Scotchman who has attained to the primacy of the English Church. "He owes nothing to birth but the mother-wit which has enabled him to win the various prizes of his profession. Any day you may chance to see Dr. Tait walking about the streets of London, and haply staring into the shop windows. He will probably be attended by a chaplain; and of course he will wear the unimposing dress of his order. The imagination must make a slight effort to realize that the aged, mild-looking gentleman in gaiters is the first British subject after the princes of the blood, and fills the place once filled by Lanfranc and Becket and Langton, by Cranmer and Laud." Dr. Tait is now seventy years old.



A PALPABLE HIT.



DEVIL-FISH CAPTURED AT PORTUGAL COVE, NEWFOUNDLAND.
PHOTOGRAPHED BY E. LYONS, ST. JOHNS.



ELECTRIC TOWER, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.
FROM A DRAWING BY H. G. PEELOR.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

A GIGANTIC DEVIL-FISH.

ON Thursday, the 10th of November, two fishermen of Portugal Cove, Newfoundland, were loitering in the neighborhood of the public wharf of that little sea-port, when they observed a large gray-colored mass outstretched and floating toward the shore. The wind and tide were acting on the land, and the mysterious object soon grew more definite, and, to the eyes of the wondering fishermen, soon outlined itself into the shape of a "big squid." And certainly, to compare great things with small, it does bear a strong family likeness to its congener the tiny bait squid, or *loligo*, as known to natural history.

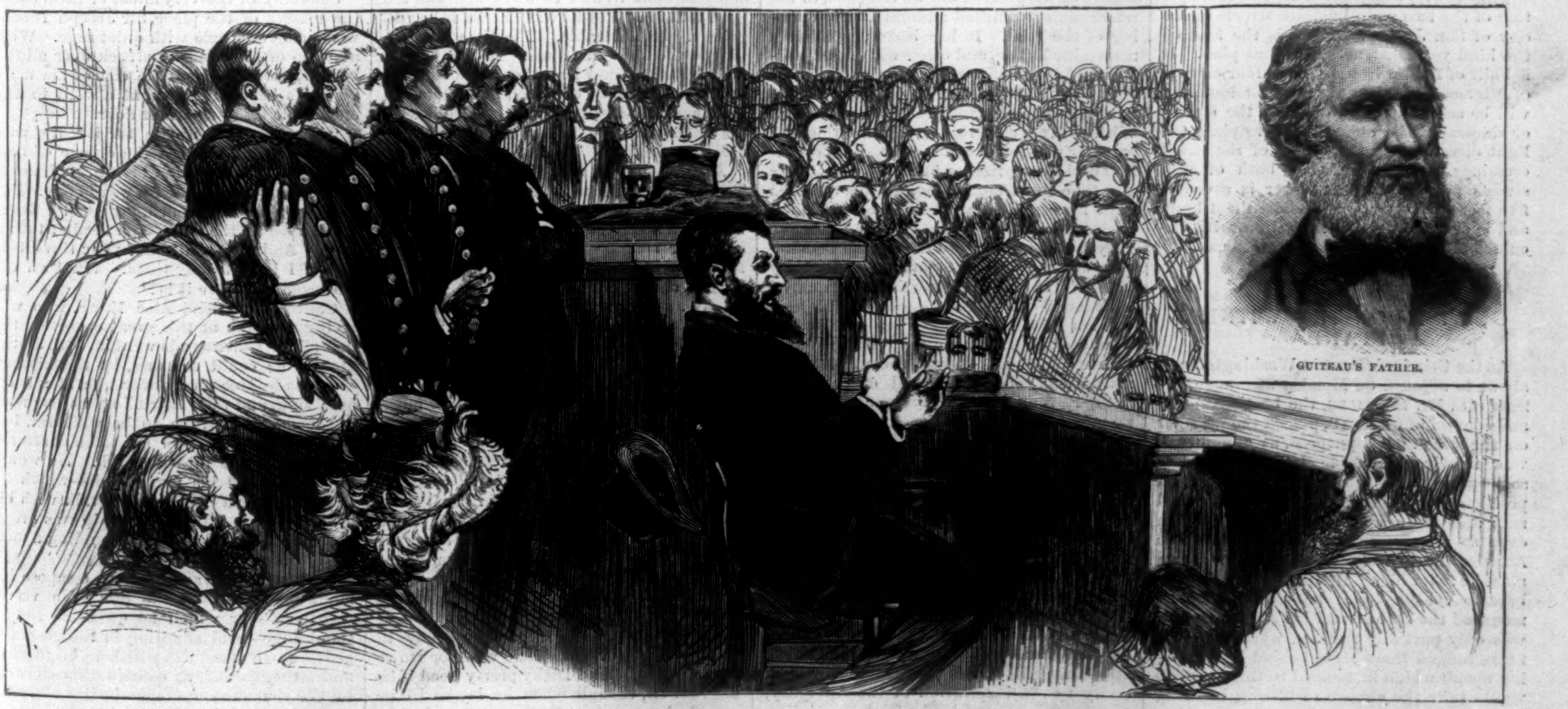
When the monster had reached the shore, the fishermen discovered that it was dead, having perished through exhaustion in the vain attempt to extricate itself from a reef with which it had become entangled at low tide. When the water flowed, it immediately floated clear of its rocky fetters, and was carried by wind and sea toward the strand. The fishermen drew it ashore on dry land, and having procured barrows, carried it up and deposited it in one of their fishing-stages. Intelligence of the capture having reached St. Johns, the present writer immediately started for Portugal Cove, and secured the fish from the captors on moderate terms. It was immediately brought up to St. Johns, and after an hour's delay to enable the photographer to make a picture of it, steps were at once taken to insure its preservation. A large wooden case was prepared, and a supply of ice procured. The fish was carefully transferred to the box, and ice was plentifully packed around it. It was then shipped on board the steamer *Canima*, of the Cromwell Line, and consigned to New York, under the care of Captain DAVIES.

It is the first specimen of the great decapod the devil-fish that has been secured in a thoroughly fresh and, barring some slight damage to the larger tentacula, unmutilated condition, and worthy alike of the notice of the showman and of the man of science. As the fish lay upon the sea-shore, it was measured by Inspector MURPHY, who gave the following as its dimensions before any perceptible shrinkage had taken place: Length of body, exclusive of head and tail, 5 feet; total length from extremity of cauda to tip of beak, 6 feet 9 inches; length of two longest tentacula, 23 feet; length of eight brachia, or short arms, from 5 to 10 feet; circumference of head, 3 feet 2 inches; length of beak, 5 inches; circumference of body, 4 feet 3 inches.

This specimen is not quite so large as the one that is now, in a decomposed and mutilated state, to be seen at the New York Aquarium. The latter was captured in the autumn of 1877, and was purchased in St. Johns by Captain BENNETT, of one of the Cromwell Line steamers, and brought by him to New York. It was there purchased by Messrs. REICHE & BROTHERS, and placed in the New York Aquarium. But unfortunately it was very stale before it reached St. Johns from Catalina, the scene of its capture, which occurred during a violent gale of wind that blew in from the Atlantic Ocean on the land. It was then exhibited during several days of warm weather in the Volunteer Drill Hall of the city, and by the time it came into Captain BENNETT's hands it had passed into an advanced state of decomposition.

The present specimen is very fresh, the weather having been slightly frosty after its capture, and care having been taken to pack it away in ice as promptly as possible. It is now in a meet condition, either for public exhibition, for ultimate preservation in alcohol or by chemical solutions, or for the dissection of the curious ichthyologist.

Scientific readers need not be told that the place belonging in the natural kingdom to the gigantic devil-fish is among the *Mollusca*, and that specifically it belongs to the sub-order of decapodous or head-footed mollusks. It has in all ten arms. Two of these, which are usually four times the length of the main body, are called "long arms," or tentacula, and are expressly designed to capture, hold, and resign to the tender care of the shorter arms the natural prey of the animal. The short ordinary arms, or brachia, eight in number, are much more powerful, thick, and massive than the longer ones, and are possessed of a much larger number of suckers. Within the head, from which the enormous arms radiate, is a beak formed by two mandibles, said


GUITEAU'S FATHER.

GUITEAU ON THE WITNESS STAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 822.]

by naturalists to strikingly resemble the bill of a parrot. It is possessed of wondrous strength, and is capable of crushing into atoms the hardest-shelled crustacea. These lower-formed bivalve animals constitute the chief prey of the voracious devil-fish.

Perhaps the first specimen of the colossal devil-fish that arrested the attention of students of science was the one that the crew of a French corvette unsuccessfully attempted to capture about twenty years ago. Professor Kent, late superintending naturalist to the Brighton Aquarium, thus describes this famous rencontre with a gigantic devil-fish:

"In December, 1861, M. Bowyer, commandant of the French corvette *Alecton*, and M. Sabin Berthelot, French consul at the Canary Islands, communicated to the French Academy of Sciences, through M. Vaillant, the description of a gigantic calamary encountered by that vessel between the islands of Madeira and Teneriffe. This monster was found floating at the surface of the water about mid-day, November 30, of the same year; and the vessel being stopped, immediate steps were taken to effect its capture. A volley of bullets which was first discharged into it caused the animal to plunge beneath the ship. Appearing shortly after on the other side, it was attacked by both harpoons and fire-arms, neither of which, however, appeared to make much impression upon its soft, yielding flesh.

"After diving beneath the surface and reappearing several times, one ball struck it with marked effect, the creature immediately discharging a quantity of foam, mixed with blood, and at the same time a strong musky odor made itself perceptible to all on board. The sailors were most anxious to lower the boats and carry on the attack at closer quarters, but Captain Bowyer forbade this, fearing the creature's powerful arms might seize and capsize them. At this point a noose was successfully cast over the animal's body, but, owing to the smoothness of the latter, failed to tighten upon it until it arrived at the posterior extremity, just where the broad expanding fins took their origin. Efforts were now made to hoist the monster on deck, and the greater portion of its body was already out of water, when the enormous weight caused the rope to cut the animal completely through. The posterior part, with the fins, was brought on board, but the remainder, with the head and arms, disappeared beneath the waves, and was not seen again. The length of this gigantic calamary was estimated by the numerous witnesses to the engagement to be about thirty feet, of which between eighteen and twenty feet belonged to the body."

The longer tentacles had been lost, probably torn away in contest with some other predaceous fish. Since that date down to the capture of the Portugal Cove devil-fish no less than twenty-three well-authenticated specimens have challenged the attention of naturalists. Of these nearly seven-eighths were fragmentary, consisting of a portion of the tentacles, a beak, or some other slender fraction of the monster.

ELECTRIC-LIGHT TOWER AT SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA.

This tower, constructed at the intersection of the two main business streets of the city of San José, California, is the first of the kind yet constructed on that plan. It is built of hollow iron, from the four corners of intersecting streets, in such a manner, as will be seen, as not to obstruct the streets or sidewalks, the object being to place the light directly over the centre of the street crossings, thereby lighting both of said streets perfectly. This tower is seventy-five feet at the base, two hundred feet high, and is constructed of hollow iron, with circular braces for the first four sections.

GUITEAU ON THE WITNESS STAND.

As the Criminal Court in Washington was about to adjourn on Monday afternoon, the 28th ult., Mr. Scoville, the brother-in-law and counsel of Guiteau, placed the prisoner on the stand. His purpose, as announced, was merely to enable him to identify some papers, but this slight change in his position seemed to awaken the wretched man anew to a sense of the feeling which even so unrepresentative a portion of the American people as a Washington audience must have for him. He turned pale, his lips became colorless, and he trembled as he mounted the stand; and his self-possession was only partially restored when three officers ranged themselves behind him, forming a wall which he seemed to think no one would take the chance of hitting in firing at him. The next morning, after considerable hesitation, he again consented to be sworn.

In any ordinary trial, all discussion of the testimony of a man on trial for his life, as of the manner in which it might be given, would be recognized as improper; but in this case it is impossible to prevent it, nor is it desirable to do so. Guiteau's agency in the death of Mr. Garfield is undoubted. His crime was against the entire people. The old Norman law phrase of *lèse-majesté*, describing a violation of the life or person of the king, applies to it, as does even more closely the modern French modification of the term, *lèse-République*. Whatever might have been the character of the President, the assault would have been an offense against the nation, for the principle of representative government is impaired if the embodiment of the national sovereignty in its truly chosen Chief Executive is not secure from all injury, or apprehension of injury. This prisoner acknowledges that his hand took the President's life, and he sets up, in his own name, the defense that he was inspired and directed of the Deity, that his own will was effaced, that he had ceased to have control of his actions, and was therefore not responsible for the awful crime which he committed. If this be a true statement of the condition of his mind, the American people will be satisfied to see him go unhung, but confined where his delusions would no longer be dangerous; but it is plain that they have the right, and that it is of the utmost importance to them, to know whether Guiteau was really under the influence of any such delusion, and if so, whether it was an overwhelming, irresistible influence. To ascertain these facts, the testimony in this trial will be anxiously scrutinized, and none more so than that of the prisoner himself. The people have fair confidence in the good faith of the Court and the jury, but they have no reason to suppose that these are infallible, or even that if they act under the law, the law itself may not be defective. In any such case, whatever the fate of the prisoner, the whole question of the safety of the head of the government, the conditions of responsibility for murderous acts, the fitness of our judicial system to enforce the law, comes up, and must be judged in the light of the testimony given.

Guiteau has been thus far anything but what the lawyers would call a "crazy" witness. His memory is very tenacious and prompt; his mind acts clearly in the formulation and statement of his ideas, and especially in the adroit explanation of his motives. He is highly nervous, and particularly with reference to his sojourn in the Oneida Community, all recollection of which seems to inspire him with the most violent disgust. He has evidently been of an extremely eccentric temperament from boyhood. His manner toward his father and brother, both of whom he has assaulted, and toward his sister, whom he at one time attacked with an axe, shows that he was liable to accessions of extreme rage; but it does not appear that these were ungovernable. On the contrary, his violence in each case, having been promptly resented and restrained, he did not repeat it. The most striking feature in his conduct, remarks, and testimony is the consistency with which he constantly suggests, emphasizes, and argues the evidence of his own insanity. This was begun, as we pointed out at the time, in his remarkable published address at the opening of the trial. It has been persistently maintained since, and often with a shrewdness and impudence that, in spite of the solemnity of the occasion, has brought a smile to the lips of judge and prosecuting lawyers. When Guiteau's brother testified that the prisoner was in his opinion responsible "before God," the prisoner broke in with, "The last time I met my brother he was offended with me; he does not come here with the ordinary affection of a brother." Again, "My father ran me into the Oneida Community, and my brother sympathized with my father." Still again, referring to a quarrel between them, "That accounts for his poor opinion of me." Another witness having recounted Guiteau's queer conduct in a Chicago boarding-house, the prisoner remarked, "Probably he and other people thought that I was very cranky at that time." The same sustained purpose runs through his own testimony. He defines his father's condition of mind, his delusions in regard to healing the sick, in regard to demoniac possession, and as to the doctrines of the Oneida Community. He points out his own subjection to the terrors held over him at Oneida, the intensity of his convictions, his feeling that "God was responsible for his board bills," etc.

All this shows an unsound mind. Of that there is no doubt. But that this miserable creature, consumed with a morbid egotism, attributing his follies with more or less sincerity to the inspiration of the Almighty, treacherous to his friends, false to his family, passionate, and sometimes brutal in his selfishness, belongs to the class whose minds are wholly engrossed by the insane but lofty sense of divine domination, and whose supreme conviction defies danger and despises consequences, is something of which as yet there is not the shadow of evidence.

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1251, Vol. XXIV.]

CHRISTOWELL.

A Dartmoor Tale.

By R. D. BLACKMORE,

Author of "Mary Anerley," "Lorna Doone," "Cripps, the Carrier," etc.

CHAPTER XLIV.

SMINTHEUS.

Saturday, in its proper course, came round, bringing to school-boys half-holiday (heightened with a lie-abed to-morrow), to working-men wages and intellectual delights, to women a haste to go marketing, and an emulous desire, not to cheat, but to get the right side of their little bargains (for the pleasure of proving their wit by its fruits), and to gentlemen in general, and ladies void of usefulness, a decent gratitude that the week was over.

This was the large way in which the flight of time was regarded from the heights of Touchwood Park. Not that there was any pride in any bosom there. Lady Touchwood was sure that instead of going up, she was come down, more than she could describe, from what her ideas used to be. At one time she expected to be in the House of Lords; and nothing but the way in which Sir Joseph would insist upon seeing his money come back again had stopped her from being there at the coronation. But the only way to get up there was to be in London, and to give parties to the royal family, and people on the stairs, especially Prime Ministers; and Sir Joseph could afford it as easy as a glove; but he stuck to his money, and he stuck to the dirt. However, she was happier as she was. Though it had been said in Plymouth she would adorn the highest rank.

Miss Touchwood thought that the people in London were probably quite as big fools as those in Devonshire. But every young lady in her position had a right to go and see what the others were about; and it seemed to her very stingy of her father to be giving trumpery gypsy parties, when he ought to have taken them all to town before the season was over. For her part, she was tired of this neighborhood. Nobody seemed to understand her. If she quoted a line of Byron, people thought it came out of a valentine, and asked her confidentially who had sent it; and even a French or German proverb was supposed to come out of a cookery book. In a word, there was no one to associate with.

Her brother, Squire Dicky, took a different view of things. He detested clever girls who could quote his head off, and were shocked at the idea of having beer for breakfast. He had seen enough already of society for him, and in his plain opinion it was humbug. He had never known more than one girl worth the end of a cigar, and she had sacked him. Or at any rate her dad had done it, and he knew she was too good for him. But he was blessed if he was going to be miserable. The time for popping at the birds was come. He would send for the finest fellow he had ever known, who had promised to be with him in September; and then there was nothing he would wish for better than to catch that stuck-up Westcombe poaching.

Accordingly he sent for Alec Howe of Trinity, a young man of great bulk and stature, who was happy all day with him, but wretched in the evening when the time came for swallow-tails and white choker. Miss Touchwood enjoyed this young visitor with prolonged delicious cruelty. He was as shy as any youth can be who has never met a clever and accomplished girl, and has to do the graceful to her at a table where everything is beyond his understanding. Julia, being in a very spiteful mood just now, from a variety of causes, missed not a single opportunity of deepening and barbing his bashful embarrassment. Beneath her clear gaze his great hand shook, and his big lips opened and closed in silence, and nearly as much of his Sillery or Hock passed outside as inside his throat. And yet he was a gentleman by birth, and of cleaner descent than his fair tormenter, only not familiar with wealthy ways.

Now this young man and his host, the noble Dicky, were come home from a long day's shooting, that second Saturday in September. They had done well, for Howe was a fine shot, and Dicky pretty good if he began well, though when he began ill he would shoot amiss all day. That day he began well (by shooting a cat that was hunting young rabbits in a turnip field), and he had gone on well, killing two birds out of three, which is not bad work for a Cambridge man. Also they had shot a hawk, and two whimbrels, three or four land-rails, and some hares and conies, making altogether a nice mixed bag, which they spread out on the capping of a low curved wall, where the road to the stables and the kitchen parts divided. This was Dicky Touchwood's beloved camping-place, commanding easy access both to men and women, and allowing him to get into the view of either, or upon occasion to mediate between them. And to say that the servants always liked him to be there proves that he was a very honorable youth.

When Dicky and his friend and hero Alec had spread out their game to the utmost advantage, and stroked and felt everything, as if the defunction of its virtue went into the slayer—as the Norsemen and Red Indians believed—they spread out their own noble bodies on the handy, or rather perhaps legsome, height of the low wall. Howe, being six feet and a quarter high, found the wall rather too low for him, but Dicky had his legs hanging above-ground, and his neat heels drumming. The head gamekeeper, with his honest bluffness, stood a little way off, looking affable, for the young gents had not hurt his feelings much that day; and admiring stable-men in their shirt-sleeves approached, with a venerating hope of beer.

"How do you feel, Alec?" asked the lightsome Dicky. "I am as dry as a hard-roed red herring. What do you vote for, Champagne or swipes? There's a first-rate 36 of Burton, just on tap."

"I go in for that," answered Howe, in whose mind Champagne was now sadly associated with the very dry sparkle of Julia.

"So do I, with all my heart. But the deuce of it is that I have found a key working the old governor's best lock, where he keeps some stuff that he thinks no end of. And I feel that I shall have earned no ease of mind until I have had a good peg at it. Tell you what I'll do, to make it square. We'll enjoy the swipes, and these chaps shall have Champagne."

"Don't be such a fool," said Alec Howe. Although he had not yet seen Sir Joseph, he guessed, from many sources, what he was like. But Dicky was off to carry out his new idea.

"Why shouldn't they have what they like?" he inquired, coming back, with young Solomon behind him, whose face was in a bubble of anticipation. "Now this boy pours out lashings of wine perpetually, yet he never tastes it, except when he licks the glasses. Sol, my lad, you shall have first bumper. See your father draw the corks for you. Why, your name is Cork—you are the son of a cork. Now see how I send you up into the liquid sky."

Of the loftier humanities fostered at Cambridge, a main one was the art of discharging a cork full bang from a bottle of poppish fluid without loss. The process requires some experience and quickness, but Dicky was a Master of Arts therein. He took a long pull at the pewter of ale, looking toward Alec, and in three half-minutes had three bottles of his father's most choice comet vintage "on tap" (as he termed it) for the brave stable-men. The keeper stood aloof, and would not touch it.

Suddenly in the very midst of them stood the master of the place, Sir Joseph Touchwood, cold and pale with quiet rage. With a sweep of his hand he struck over all the bottles, then emptied the can of ale upon his son's head, and without a word to any one strode off to the front door.

"My criky! we are in for it!" the poor boy spluttered, through the deluge of beer which had checked his breath. "I never saw the governor in such a way before. But don't you be frightened, my good fellows. I will take all the row. You needn't turn a hair. And you shall have your three bottles, if I have to buy them. What an extravagant old cove it is!"

Calling his friend Alec Howe, who was trying to smile at this great outbreak, the heir of the Touchwoods went in, with all the dignity he could compass, by the kitchen door, made Alec pump over him at a servants' sink, and then hurried up to his dressing-room. He strove to be wrathful, but fear was foremost, and his teeth chattered sadly as he got into his bath. He would have given all his ready cash—which he kept low—for a little private talk with his dear mother. But her ladyship was dressing, and he got no chance of sending a message to her.

Very soon he was trying to compose his mind by smoothing the pile of a velvet waistcoat—for which he owed £3 10s. in Cambridge—and admiring in the glass the gentle dawn of reddish whiskers, brightened and strengthened, as examination showed, by the rich shower of fine-bodied ale. "I will rub them with the very best Bass every day, and perhaps then Rose will like me," he was saying to himself, when a knock at the door made him jump, and a little note came under it. Running to the door, he called out, "Judy! Judy dear! darling Judy!" for he knew the sound of her firm light step; "Julia, I want you desperately." But either she could not or she would not hear, and the whisk of her dress was a memory round the corner.

"I shall have to do it all by myself," he groaned, for he guessed too well what the letter was. "In for a penny, in for a pound. At any rate, the relieving officer shall know what I think of him. Halloa!"

The relieving officer—as the male parent was called in those days at our great universities—had set down these few words for his study: "Richard, as there will be no dinner to-day, I shall be glad to see you in the dining-room five minutes from receipt of this. [Signed] Joseph Touchwood."

"What a kettle of fish! Don't you wish you may catch it? I'll have a bar-out. The stable cads shall supply me with grub through the windows. But the governor would cut it, with a demon laugh, and leave a brace of Dogberries to run me in. I will quit me like a man. I'll go down and have it out. 'Never say die,' is the ticket for soup."

When the young man appeared in the barren dining-room, he saw his father sitting in the six-legged chair, too deep in thought even to look at him. His face was very stern, but with trouble more than anger, and Dicky saw that larger things than his had gone amiss. He began to say, jauntily, "Why, where's the dinner?" which was a serious concern to him. But his father made no answer; so he stood and waited.

"Who is there? Oh, Richard is it? Boy, stand and look at me. I am not going to talk to you about my affairs, but simply to explain what yours will be. Hitherto you have led a life of idle pleasure. Henceforth you will have to earn your own bread. Before I was half your age I was doing that. It will make a man of you. How do you like the thought of it?"

"Not—not at all, sir. In fact, I could not do it. I have never been accustomed to such treatment."

"Very well. You need not begin till Monday. To-morrow you will get your clothes together, and live at my expense, as usual. On Monday morning you will shoulder what you want for immediate use, and be off at six o'clock for the office of Mr. Growgray at Stonehouse. Mr. Growgray is a well-known dry-salter, and through my connection with him he has promised most kindly to find an opening for you. I have paid a considerable premium to him, and your salary will be a pound a week—a great deal more, I fear, than you will be worth, for a very long time, at any rate. Your stock of clothes will last you for at least two years; and I shall endeavor to allow you five shillings a week for pocket-money. Also you will be allowed to come and see your mother and your sister (wherever they may be) one Sunday in every three months."

"It is quite impossible that you can be in earnest. Sir, you must either be—"

"No, I am neither mad nor intoxicated, nor even hasty in this arrangement. It has been thought of for some months, while you were busy with your rats and rabbits. Nature has made you a fool, and circumstances have concurred with Nature. You are now provided with a good start in life. Fools always prosper the best, in the end. I have often heard you boast that almost everybody likes you. That lays the foundation of a large sound trade."

"But I can't be a dry-salter, and I won't be a dry-salter, and I never could put up with the smell of it," Squire Dicky declared, as he fell into a very luxurious chair, and embraced it. "Why, I should have to sit upon a three-legged stool!"

"No; you might stand all day, if you preferred it. However, that is all the choice before you. Now leave me; I have more important things to think of."

Dicky Touchwood was quick of thought about himself; but even on that subject now his readiness was gone, so sudden was this outrage, and so overwhelming. He arose, without looking at his father, and made off; but his spirit came back when he got to the door.

"Sir, you will be sorry for attempting this," he said, with his voice half choked by indignant tears; "I have plenty of good friends who will stand by me. I will not go near any vile dry-salter. If you turn me out of doors, I will get an honest living as a rat-catcher, and contract for all the rats at Plymouth."

CHAPTER XLV.

ACCURATE AIM.

Dartmoor, many-fountained Dartmoor, mother of a myriad streams, and wet-nurse of a million mists, is not often scrimped with drought; but when the drought once gets established, how it smites the rocky land! Furze and heath, dwarf rush and bracken, even the cotton-grass of the swamp, and sedge that lines the tinkling rill, fade into one dreary yellow or dingy red that jades the sight. The power of the dry sun is reflected from the stark rocks, down the vales, and nothing is hidden from the heat thereof.

When such seasons come, they are so far asunder (in the hills and valleys of the distant years) that nobody remembers that they ever came before. And with one accord the people there, not being used (like brick-bound townsmen) to an unventilated oven, begin to make sad complaint and outcry, which add ten per cent. to their temperature. Then they fan themselves with their husbands' hats—as many as have got husbands—and they feel that they owe it for a duty to the world not to be overcharitable. In fact, they are cross, and they make the worst of everything, in the spirit of the flies that enter into their weak places.

Even at Christowell (cool and crystal, at least in pretty places, with the import of the brook) dryness of the ground and of the skin began to tell upon the children, and the women, and the men. Not one of them all had the least idea that it made any difference to her or to him, but every one had a very large perception that no one else was as he ought to be. Horse-flies began to descend upon mankind, in lack of their nobler nurture, spotted flies, with broad heads and big tweezers; and wherever there was moisture for a gnat to nip, he nipped, and was exceedingly thirsty.

But if in the valley, where the grass still grew, and the leaves still cherished the nursing of the brook, Nature was depressed, and her mighty masters irksome, how much worse must the pest of season be on the brown, unshadowed, and unswarded crags! And worst of all round the dry desert of "The Raven," where mine slag, yellow rocks, and spelter dust combined to glare with intense heat, and cast it all around. All around was heat and drought, dull tremor of the air, and pulse of haze that twinkles when the dews of night are drained. Even the moor-men would not come to get their usual pint of ale, sadly although they needed it, for fear of the fire of the heat around it, and the sun-death in the glare of rock.

However, the house, with its thick granite walls, and stone floors watered from the well, was fresh with cooling shade inside, and the glisten of cool tankards. "Gentleman Wenlow"—as he now was called, from the dinners he had given there—sat without reproach in a cool linen shirt (freely borrowed from Parson Short), and considered the business that lay before him. The heat of the weather had stopped his parties for the moment, because no meat would keep, and his guests declined to face the yellow distance from their greener glens. Upon the whole, indeed, this gentleman was not much displeased with that. It was quite as well to abdicate the duties of a host while this roasting weather held; and to steal sheep enough for his own consumption was as much as an active man could do. Therefore it was not social need or sense of solitude that made him frown as he sat with his cooling pot of cider, rum, and borage, thinking how to carry out the orders of his patron. These were easy enough to understand, but not quite so easy to execute, even with the aid of the blackest boon companions. And the matter, from a moral point of view, was not altogether to his liking. For a long time, now, he had been compelled to appropriate other people's property. But he had striven to do this with a lenient hand and a fine regard for justice, robbing only those who could afford it, and robbing even them at honest intervals impartially. All his laxities were of necessity, and his lapses caused by largeness. What man has any right to own the earth, with a hundred better people born upon it every minute? And if he can not own the earth, as the whole includes the parts, how can he own any part of it? How much less, then, can he be the owner of the things that move about on it, and have got four legs, while he who lays claim to them has only got two? Such reasoning is unanswerable; or if it can be answered, the best of the argument is with him who has had the dinner and digested it.

But what Guy Wenlow did not like, and in spite of his reputation found to be outside his province, was the commission of downright murder in cold blood, and with no excuse. Captain Larks had never harmed him, whereas George Gaston had been his ruin; with pleasure would he have shot the latter in conflict, or upon insult, whereas now the relentless force of facts was driving him too surely toward the necessity of shooting the other. His orders newly received were brief, sadly to the point, and stringent: "It is too late for weak measures now. To carry off the girl is useless. If he leaves home, you shall swing for it. I am not like the fools round Dartmoor. Make a short job of it, for your own sake. With management there can be no risk. Trust to me for your escape, and a better land to winter in, with plenty of cash, and no more skulking. Let me hear of no more delay. If I have to come down, it will be the worse for you. I am watching you, and you have no escape from me or without me. Turn upon me if you dare. Obey me, and you shall be free, rich, and happy."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

For the first time in the history of the city, the gondoliers of Venice have been on a strike. Their grievance arose from the placing of small steam-launches on the canals. A gondolier, according to the pictures in which they are figures, is a fellow in page's costume who snoozes in the stern of a goose-necked boat at an unseemly hour of the night, while a young man with long hair and a guitar gets upon the prow and sings songs to a bay-window. The wonder is how a gondolier could summon energy enough to strike against any grievance.

This, from an Iowa newspaper, shows what the unreserved use of the editorial "we" may lead to: "We, the senior editor, extends his profound thanks to Captain Henry Ballentine and Mr. Joe Hunter for a sack of the finest flour we have ever seen."

Baron von Müller, curator of the botanical gardens in Melbourne, says that he has seen peppermint-trees four hundred and eighty feet tall on the Dandenorg range in Australia. Think of the julep one of them would make!

The City Council of Dayton, Ohio, has imposed a tax of three dollars each on goats. Residents of Dayton can board their goats on the upper part of Manhattan Island till they die of old age for less than the amount of tax for one year.

Mirrors measuring forty-five by fifty-two feet, and weighing about sixteen hundred pounds, have recently been put up in the Grand Opera-House at Paris.

The detectives whom the illicit whiskey distillers in the mountains of the South most fear are the horses ridden by the revenue officers. An old "moonshiner" says that a horse can scent a distillery two miles away; that the animal throws up his head, sniffs the air, and the bridle being dropped on his neck, carries his rider to the spot where the illegal work is going on.

Henry Ladd, of Arkansas, quarrelled with his wife about a passage in the Bible. Ladd drew a pistol, shot her through the body, and then tried to kill himself. It was believed that the woman was fatally hurt.

A Florida city sympathizes with another in its "wrestling with the problem of a nine-hundred-dollar mayor."

Remenyi, the violinist, is now written down an iconoclast, having been reported as saying that age does not benefit a violin at all.

A party of Chinese students, who arrived at Shanghai from America early in October, were at once locked up in an old building in a remote part of the town, "the government's intention being apparently to examine them before they had a chance to scatter to their homes." The first party, comprising about forty students, who were ordered home, were sent to Tien-tsin to be employed on telegraph work.

A Western newspaper meekly expresses the hope that if Guiteau can not be hanged for murdering the President, he may at least be fined for carrying a concealed weapon.

Frank Wells, a Hoosier, wooed and won a widow residing near Potato Creek. When the hour for the marriage ceremony was close at hand, he borrowed a gold ring and six dollars from the widow, and an umbrella from Nathan Turnipseed, and disappeared. To such lengths are persons led by the mania for possessing other people's umbrellas.

An English cotton buyer claims that in one bale received from America he found about seven pounds of old iron, and in another "some dark loamy substance, weighing more than the cotton itself." If he flattered himself that he would find nuggets of gold and rough diamonds in his American cotton, he was greatly mistaken.

It is learned by way of England that Mr. Edison is at present supplying eleven hundred houses in New York with the electric light at the same rate as that previously charged for gas, and is making a very large profit.

A newly married couple entered a Friends' church in Lafayette, Indiana, after the service had begun. As they walked up the aisle, the preacher stopped in the middle of his exhortation, and exclaimed, "Behold, the bridegroom cometh!" Then he entered upon a discourse on the duties and responsibilities of wedded life.

A Texas editor sets forth in his prospectus that he enters upon his duties with something which he describes as follows: "An imperious consciousness of a personal committal to the high moral responsibilities incident to a position recognized by intelligence and morality as a representative and formative entity, moulding and vitalizing the intelligent constituency who perpetuates by prerogative its existence." He closes by promising to make his paper "the monitor beacon of the present, and the moral, social, and intellectual formative adjunct of the future."

At a recent banquet of the Spanish Monarchical Democratic party a toast was drunk to "the King and Liberty."

On a dark night not long ago a young man walking on the Old Colony Railroad track near Boston came upon a wagon standing directly across the track. The driver seemed to be stupefied, and the young man could not start the team. Trains from each direction would be due in a few minutes. He ran at the top of his speed to a station, and borrowed a red lantern of the station-keeper's wife, the only person he could find there. Then he ran headlong down the track, met the steamboat express and stopped it, and after a breathless run in the other direction prevented an accommodation-train from running into the heavy wagon. He went his way, muddy and tired, and in the next morning's newspapers he read that "two trains were brought to a stand-still near Savin last evening by a drunken fellow with a red light."

LAWN TENNIS IN THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.

If any evidence were required to prove the popularity of the game of lawn tennis other than its almost universal adoption as an out-door summer pastime, it is found in the growing favor with which the game is meeting as an in-door winter amusement. There is, however, an insurmountable obstacle to its general adoption as a winter game in the simple fact that the whole sum of floor areas in the city of New York is not "as big as all out-doors." Tennis requires for its practice an expanse of floor space which in a private dwelling would be regarded as magnificent. Not even the finest mansions on Fifth Avenue contain any rooms large enough for the game. Moreover, if any one of them did possess such a room, it is morally certain that the owner would oppose strong objections to such an apartment being devoted to tennis, and, it must be admitted, with some show of reason.

Such an obstacle as this of limited floor space might well discourage the devotees of any other game, but not so tennis-players. In the fall of last year enthusiasts began to cast longing eyes upon the various large halls dotted here and there in the upper part of the city of New York. The armories especially, with their grand expanse of perfect flooring, seemed to invite just such occupancy as the enthusiasts were eager to bestow.

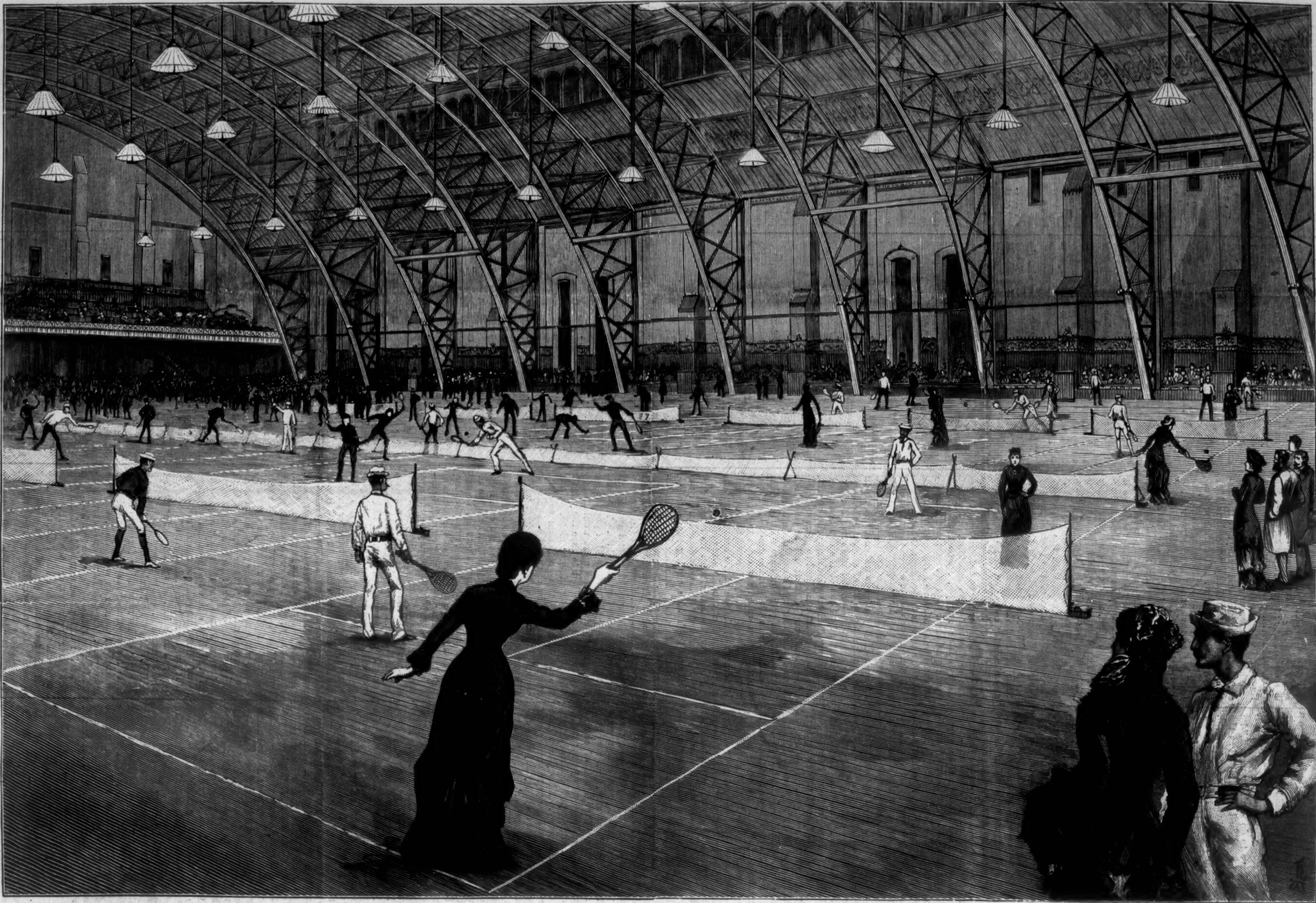
Armorers were approached with liberal offers, and being of a kindred nature to janitors, the suggestion of perquisites was not ungrateful to them. Accordingly, it was not long before the spectacle of a dozen ladies and gentlemen sporting of afternoons over their well-kept domains became familiar to the guardians of the strongholds of our city militia.

But the grandest of all the armories remained undesecrated—if the authorities chose to so consider it—by the popular game. The splendid drill hall of the Seventh Regiment had known a huge fair and a monster musical festival. But for the fear of an action for libel at the hands of the builders we might almost say that its magnificent floor actually gaped for tennis-players. And now the dream of many a tennis devotee has been partially realized.

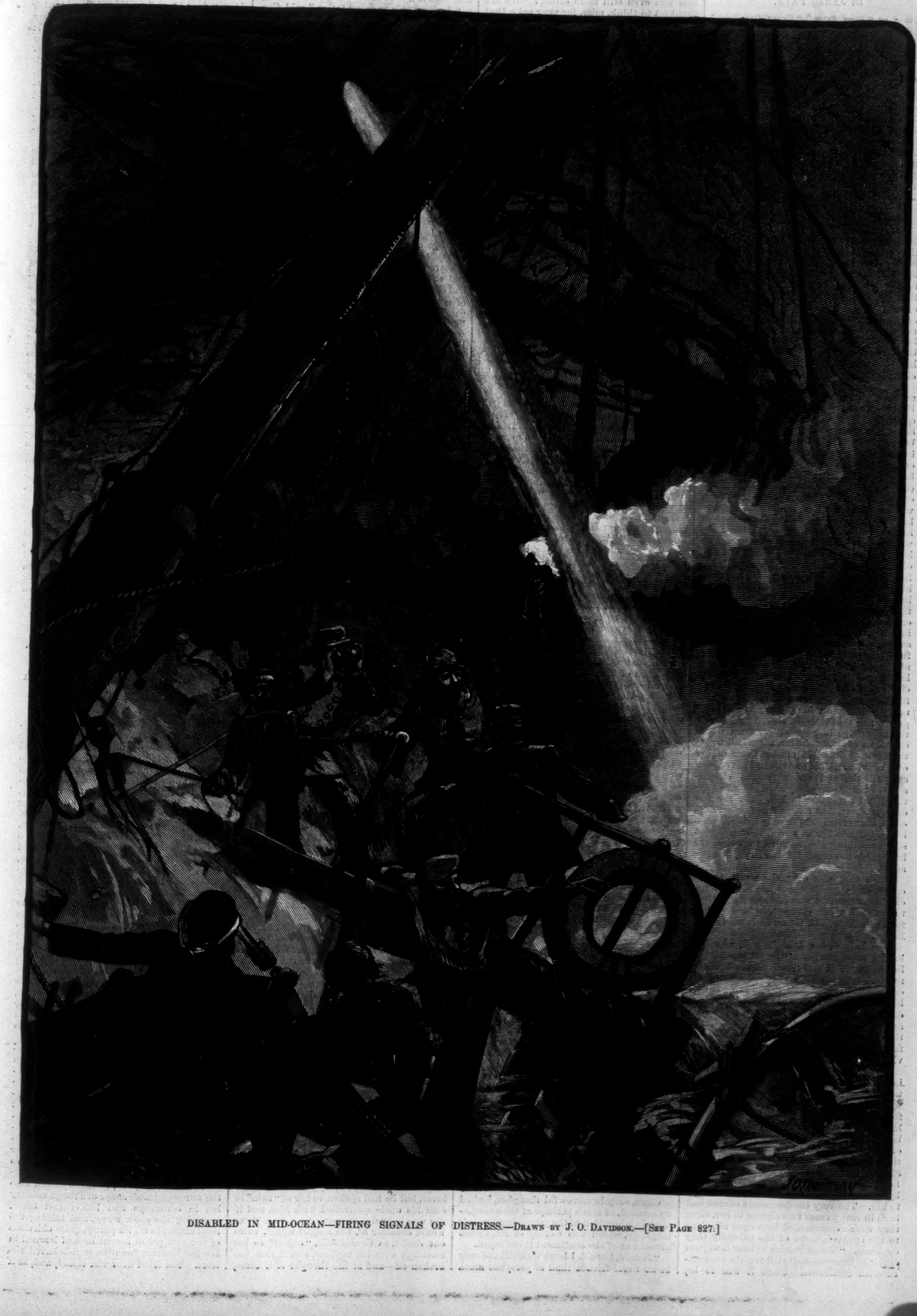
On the evening of November 26 the hall was thrown open to tennis for the gallant soldiers, and, consistently with their gallantry, to their lady friends.

The spectacle, which our artist has spiritedly depicted, was a novel and brilliant one. Twelve courts were laid out, and a net was stretched from one end of the hall to the other, to prevent the balls used in the courts on one side of the net trespassing into the courts on the other. Ten of the courts were occupied by players in every variety of costume, from the severely conventional of the street to the strictly *de rigueur* of the tennis lawn; and a few ladies were courageous enough to take part in the games, which were watched with evident interest by a large company of visitors in the galleries.

The meeting was, on the whole, a success, although the players had a difficulty to contend with in the insufficient light. The perfect practice of the game requires the best possible light, namely, daylight; and the further the available light recedes from this, the less enjoyable is the play. The soldiers placed confidence in their brilliant array of gas jets; but one of the wires used to light a portion of the chandeliers by electricity was broken, so one side of the hall was only partially illuminated. This, however, is a defect that can easily be remedied, and if the committee would decide to mark out the courts in black, instead of white, and to use black or red balls, the play would be greatly benefited.



LAWN TENNIS AT THE SEVENTH REGIMENT ARMORY.—Drawn by W. St. John Harper and C. D. Weldon.—[See Page 823.]



DISABLED IN MID-OCEAN—FIRING SIGNALS OF DISTRESS.—DRAWN BY J. O. DAVIDSON.—[SEE PAGE 827.]

[Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1288.]

FOR CASH ONLY.

By JAMES PAYN,

Author of "From Exile," "Under One Roof," "Walter's Word," "Won—not Wooed," "What He Cost Her," etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.

HALVES.

There is a beautiful Eastern poem which describes a mother with her dead child applying to her Deity for its resuscitation, and being recommended by way of prescription its being rubbed with mustard seed, begged from some house into whose doors death had never entered. The mustard seed was to be got in plenty, but not, of course, under those conditions.

> "There is no flock, however watched and tended,
>   But one dead lamb is there;
> There is no fireside, howe'er defended,
>   But has one vacant chair."

And in the case of the aged and infirm the calamity is still more common and to be looked for. But though she knew all that, and had been expecting the stroke to fall for many a day, her father's death for the time quite prostrated Clare. Independent of spirit as she was as regarded her fellow-creatures, she was not one to rebel against the will of God, but resignation was at first impossible to her. She had been, as we know, the very apple of her father's eye, and there had been none to share the love she had reciprocated.

Her affection for Percy was of course of another kind, and though her regard for Herbert was very great, it bore no comparison with that she entertained for her parent. So long as the tie, however frail, which had bound the dead man to life existed, she had interested herself in all that interested him, entered into his plans (as much of them as he confided to her), and in all but one thing (a most important exception, however) had conformed herself to his wishes. And now, when she had lost him, it almost seemed to her that she no longer belonged to the great human family. It was not only that she was orphaned, but isolated. There was no loving bosom on which she could fall and discourse upon him; to Percy especially her lips were sealed, for how could she speak of him to one who loved him not? Herbert, indeed, could have sympathized with her on that topic, and the knowledge of the fact endeared him to her; but circumstances had interposed to prevent her obtaining that solace; what she wanted was some one faithful friend of her own sex, and that was denied her. The state of her father's health had of late withdrawn him much from society, as the fact of his second marriage had formerly done, and she had made it a rule never to leave him for any purpose of mere gayety; so that though beloved by many of the poor folks in Stokeville, among whom she was a constant visitor, Clare had no intimate acquaintances among those of her own rank. Mildred and she had never been sympathetic, and under present circumstances that young lady's society was anything but agreeable to her. For the few days, in short, that followed her father's decease, Clare felt that the only true companionship left to her was with that irresponsive something above-stairs, to which the inexorable law compelled her to pay her last adieu.

When that was over, she wrote to the only woman in the world whom she could call her friend, and who had already written to her on her bereavement, to beseech her, for the sake of old times, to come to Oak Lodge.

This lady was a Miss Darrell, who had been a pupil-teacher at the same school as her mother, and had remained her life-long friend. Subsequently she had started an educational establishment of her own, and having met with somewhat exceptional success, had retired upon her savings. Clare and she had constantly corresponded, and the elder lady had more than once been her father's guest, but she had not been to Stokeville for many years.

The kind-hearted old lady had answered in person her young friend's pressing invitation at once—not a day too soon, for Clare was not only in sorrow, but in trouble. Before John Lyster was cold in his grave there had been a constant babble in the neighborhood about the state of his affairs, some of which perforce had reached Clare's ears, though far from attentive to any such things. She had desired to be left alone a little with her grief, and not to have it intruded upon by baser topics, but this had been denied to her. The very condolements offered had been in many cases unwelcome to her, since they were accompanied by vague allusions to the opportuneness of the calamity they deplored. "We all rejoice to hear that your material interests will still remain connected with Stokeville. Since it was to be, alas! dear Miss Lyster, it is a great satisfaction to us to reflect that it happened when it did," etc., etc. In one instance, from one of her poorer protégées, the allusion was even still more direct: "We are thankful to think, miss, for your sake, that your poor father died in the very nick of time."

With a worn and weary air, in which there was little indeed of curiosity, Clare had inquired of her cousin to what these allusions referred. With a delicacy and forethought that very literally did as much honor to his heart as his head, Herbert not only answered her question, but went beyond it. To the outside world the whole transaction appeared in the light of a lucky stroke of business; they knew by this time that "old John Lyster" (for being dead, he was already old), by living a few minutes into the current year, had thereby secured his partnership in the firm for the next twelve months; but they did not know what a difference it had made to those he had left behind him. They imagined that they would have been rich enough in any case, but as it was, that they would be millionaires. If they had been cognizant of the dying man's hopes and fears, of his passionate longing to protract existence, the profit arising from his success would have been a sufficient explanation of them. But, as Herbert well understood, this would not have been the case with Clare. To her mind the struggles and anxieties which she had witnessed, and of which the secret was now revealed to her, would have had no adequate cause; nay, that her father's mind at such a time should have been so monopolized by the acquisition of gain, for gain's sake, would have been a serious moral shock to her, and gone far to taint an unsullied memory. It was therefore necessary for him to hint what Mr. Oldcastle had confided to him as his "suspicions," but which to Herbert's ear (besides explaining many things which of late had puzzled him) conveyed a certainty, viz., that Mr. Lyster's private estate was far from being what it was supposed to be. Herbert began by speaking of it to her as "far from large," and ended with "indeed, perhaps next to nothing," as though it were intelligence that required "breaking"—a piece of tact and tenderness that was, however, thrown away. Indeed, strange as it may seem to those whose motto is "For Cash Only," the poorer he represented her father to have been, the more grateful was the news to his listener. For the poorer he had been, by so much the more explicable became his eager desire for life, not for its own sake, but for that of others; instead of self, it was plain that self-sacrifice had been actuating him, and that that stubborn resistance of his to his death had been, in fact, a heroic struggle.

To his view Dr. Dickson, who looked in daily as an old friend, gave unconscious corroboration. In telling her, as he had previously told Sir Peter, that in his opinion Mr. Lyster's life had been prolonged by his own marvellous power of will, he had meant to point a moral, to show that the depression of mind and body from which she herself was suffering could be mitigated by her own act, and to preach the duty of "making an effort," from her father's example; and his efforts, though he mistook the cause of their success, bore fruit in an increase of cheerfulness in his patient. It is some consolation, when one has loved and lost, to know how worthy was the departed of our regret; and to the sorrowing eyes of Clare the dead man seemed not only her father, but a hero, almost a martyr. The lightest word that threw a shadow of a shade upon his memory was abhorrent to her; and in this respect the society of her half-brother was almost intolerable to her. His behavior, as we have said, during the latter portion of his father's illness had improved, and his habits grown more domestic or orderly; nor could it be said that in the house of mourning he conducted himself with any indecent levity; but it was now very clear that his late depression of spirits had not been caused by filial sorrow, but by anxiety upon his own account. And what was very characteristic in the young man, he credited his half-sister with the same feelings, only overlaid with a thicker tarpaulin of hypocrisy than it was in his nature to assume. For several days he had restrained himself from talking on the matter which, as he was convinced, lay nearest to both their hearts, but on the night before the funeral, finding himself alone with Clare, he ventured to touch upon it.

"To-morrow, my dear sister," he said, "will decide our future positions in life; but I am sure it will make no difference in our mutual relations."

Clare, deep in sorrowful thoughts, looked up amazed, as much perhaps at the unaccustomed elaboration of the young gentleman's language, which was worthy of Mr. Roden himself, as of the sentiment it conveyed.

"Indeed, Gerald, I hope we shall not only be no worse friends than of yore, but much better. That you are your father's son is a tie that has been ever binding to me, even when you have strained it most; and now that he is gone, you are, in a sense, all of him that is left to me."

"Just so—his representative," said Gerald. "But, as Mr. Oldcastle says, that which means everything to-day may mean nothing to-morrow."

"I don't understand," said Clare, pressing her hand to her forehead and looking at him wearily but not unkindly.

"Well, you see, it will depend upon the nature of his will."

"Oh, I see," she sighed; "you are thinking of his money. Don't you think that at all events to-night, Gerald, we might speak of him with reference to other subjects, or not at all?"

"No, Clare. It distresses me as much as yourself to talk business at such a time, but to-morrow would, in some respects, be too late for discussing the matter. I wish to assure you that notwithstanding our dear father has made me his heir, as I have reason to believe he has done, I shall take advantage of no legal technicality, but share and share alike with you."

Clare knew her half-brother pretty well, and excusing and pleading for him as she had often done to others, had been conscious of a weak cause, and, to say the least, an "unsatisfactory client," but she could not believe that in such a solemn hour Gerald would tell her a deliberate lie. She believed, because he had said it, that her father had made him his heir; and she gave him credit for the resolution he expressed, or rather for the momentary impulse that moved him so to express himself.

"Your offer is a very generous one, Gerald, and gives me as much pleasure from its intention as perhaps anything could give me just now. But my acceptance of it is out of the question. If my father has made you his heir, he has done it for some purpose that seemed good to him, and I hope will prove good for you, and nothing would induce me to be a party to any transaction counter to his wishes. I never wanted dear papa's money, but only his love, and that, thank Heaven, he gave me."

"Yes, but one can't live on love, Clare, and far less on the recollection of it. What I want to assure you is that in any event I will take care to see you comfortably provided for. I assure you that makes a great difference, as Percy himself will tell you. He is very found of you, of course, and all that, but if it turns out that you have nothing to speak of, only a few thousands, if so much, or a small share in the business—"

Clare drew herself up proudly, and looked him straight in the face.

Gerald saw that this line of argument was altogether dangerous; it was as though what he had taken for a ford was deep water. It was difficult to retrace his steps, and he began to flounder.

"Of course he will keep his word, and marry you at all events; but—but things would not look rosy. Sir Peter, who thinks of nothing but money, would, for one, be sure to object, and, in short, it might be very unpleasant."

"I can not help that, Gerald," said Clare, in icy tones. "It may be as you say." Indeed, it struck her for the moment that her father, in his extreme dislike to Percy, might have left her portionless with the very object of breaking off the marriage. "If Percy does not love me for my own sake, or even partly for my own sake, it is better that we should not marry. As to Sir Peter, I care nothing for his consent."

"Quite right," said Gerald, thankful to have got to land somehow, and glad to have found a topic of agreement. "Sir Peter is a mercenary old scoundrel; and as to his daughter, I am sure it's no great feather in your cap that you should have cut *her* out, nasty, purse-proud thing!"

"Cut her out!"

"Well, that's all past and gone, but it's generally believed she used to throw sheep's-eyes at Percy. People always said you were worth a dozen of her; but if you were left dowerless, and he cried off, of course Mildred would be pleased—that's only in nature."

Gerald had drawn his bow at a venture, but perceiving that the first shot had told, he was ready with a whole quiverful.

"It is not necessary, I think," said Clare, "to discuss Mildred Fibbert's character, nor to retail all the ill-natured gossip that may be afloat in Stokeville concerning her."

She spoke coldly, and her face was fixed and white, but at heart her half-brother's words had affected her even more than he suspected. She had every confidence in her lover, but he had spoken to her of "ruin" in case his uncle quarrelled with him, and if she was indeed a beggar, or what Sir Peter would consider so, the knight would, without doubt, as Gerald said, "object" to her marriage with his nephew, and if that was broken off—and at the thought of it Clare, who was but a woman, though a brave one, felt sick at heart—it would certainly be a bitter humiliation to her, and a triumph to Mildred.

"I care no more about gossip than you do, my dear Clare," continued Gerald, with unaccustomed energy; "what people say goes in at one ear and out at the other; it is the facts that stick. You and I are now alone in the world, quite alone" (it was Gerald's habit when lying—upon the principle perhaps of two negatives making an affirmative—to reiterate the particular falsehood he wished to inculcate), "and should have all things in common."

He hesitated, and Clare only half hearing him, and with her thoughts on other matters, inclined her head.

"Just so; I am so glad that you agree with me," he went on, quickly. "Now 'all things' of course includes the property, and I do assure you it would be a great comfort to me, notwithstanding my own reasonable expectations, if you would, as I have proposed, agree to share and share alike. I have a little memorandum in my pocket, if you wouldn't mind putting your name to it along with mine."

The importunity of his manner aroused her; she looked up suddenly from the depth of her sorrows and forebodings into Gerald's face.

It was the countenance of a lad but of seventeen, but disfigured by a crowd of evil passions: hate feigning love, base expectation struggling with despair, rapacity, greed. She shrank from it as if it had been the Gorgon's.

"I will sign nothing," she said, with an involuntary shudder. "I will talk no more with you to-night."

"As you please," he answered, with an ugly look. "I meant no offense, I'm sure."

They sat over the fire, side by side, without speaking, for a minute or two. Then Gerald rose with a yawn.

"It is growing late, and to-morrow will be a trying day—a very trying day—for both of us. You should take all the rest you can. Good-night, dear."

"Good-night."

She could not bring herself to add the "dear"; she felt as if the sight of that evil face had been a revelation of the other's nature. It re-occurred to her again and again in the night—that night of all others, on which she would have thought of other things—and gave to her melancholy dreams a tinge of horror.

[to be continued.]

BENIGHTED TRAVELLERS.

By THOMAS HARDY,

Author of "Far from the Madding Crowd," "A Laodicean," etc.

I.

It was a cold and gloomy Christmas-eve. The mass of cloud overhead was almost impervious to such daylight as still lingered on; the snow lay several inches deep upon the ground, and the slanting downfall which still went on threatened to considerably increase its thickness before the morning. The Prospect Hotel, a nearly new building standing quite alone on the verge of one of the most picturesque glens in Great Britain, looked so lonely and so useless at such a time as this that a passing wayfarer would have been led to forget summer possibilities, and to wonder at the commercial courage which could invest capital on the basis of the popular taste for landscape in a country subject to such dreary phases. That the district was alive with visitors in August seemed but a dim tradition in weather so totally opposed to all that tempts mankind from home. However, there the hotel stood immovable; and the ruined castle, which was the primary attraction of the spot, rising in full view on the opposite side of the valley, was now a stern angular outline, tinged over with a grimy dirtiness rather than the pearly gray that in summer lent such beauty to its appearance amid the leafage.

Within the hotel commanding this prospect the landlord walked idly about with his hands in his pockets, not in the least expectant of a visitor, and yet unable to settle down to any occupation which should compensate in some degree for the losses that winter idleness entailed on his regular profession. So little, indeed, was anybody expected, that the coffee-room waiter—a genteel boy, whose plated buttons in summer were as close together upon the front of his short jacket as peas in a pod—now appeared in the back yard, metamorphosed into the unrecognizable shape of a rough country lad in corduroys and hob-nailed boots, sweeping the snow away, and talking the local dialect in all its purity, quite oblivious of the new polite accent he had learned in the hot weather from the well-behaved visitors. The front door was closed, and, as if to express still more fully the sealed and chrysalis state of the establishment, a sand-bag was placed at the bottom to keep out the insidious snow-drift, the wind setting in directly from that quarter.

The landlord, entering his own parlor, walked to the large fire which it was absolutely necessary to keep up for his comfort, no such blaze burning in the coffee-room or elsewhere, and after giving it a stir returned to a table in the lobby, whereon lay the visitors' book—now closed and pushed back against the wall. He carelessly opened it; not a name had been entered there since the 19th of the previous November, and that was only the name of a man who had arrived on a tricycle, who, indeed, had not been asked to enter at all.

While he was engaged thus the evening grew darker; but before it was as yet too dark to distinguish objects upon the road winding round the crest of the hill, the landlord perceived a black spot on the distant white, which speedily enlarged itself and drew near. The probabilities were that this vehicle—for a vehicle of some sort it seemed to be—would pass by and pursue its way to the distant town, as others had done. But, contrary to the landlord's expectation, as he stood conning it through the yet unshuttered windows, the solitary object on reaching the corner turned into the hotel front, and drove up to the door.

It was a conveyance particularly unsuited to such a season and weather, being nothing more substantial than an open basket-carriage drawn by a single horse. Within sat two persons, of different sexes, as could soon be discerned, in spite of their muffled attire. The man held the reins, and the lady had got some shelter from the storm by clinging close to his side. The landlord rang the hostler's bell to attract the attention of the stable-man, for the approach of the visitors had been deadened to noiselessness by the snow, and when the hostler had come to the horse's head the gentleman and lady alighted, the landlord meeting them in the hall.

The male stranger was a foreign-looking individual of about eight-and-twenty. He was close-shaven, excepting a mustache, his features being good, and even handsome. The lady, who stood timidly behind him, seemed to be much younger—possibly not more than eighteen, though it was difficult to judge either of her age or appearance in her present wrappings, which, though of somewhat rich material, were inappropriate. The gentleman expressed his wish to stay for the night, explaining somewhat unnecessarily, considering that the house was an inn, that they had been unexpectedly benighted on their drive. Such a welcome being given them as landlords can give in dull times, the latter ordered fires in the drawing and coffee rooms, and went to the boy in the yard, who soon scrubbed himself up, dragged his mouldy, disused jacket from its box, polished the buttons with his sleeve, and appeared civilized in the hall. The lady was shown into a room where she could take off her snow-damped garments, which she sent down to be dried, her companion, meanwhile, putting down a couple of sovereigns, as if anxious to make everything smooth and comfortable at starting, and requesting that a private sitting-room might be got ready. The landlord assured him that the best up-stairs parlor—usually public—should be kept private this evening, and sent the maid to light the candles. Dinner was prepared for them, and, at the gentleman's desire, served in the same apartment, where, the young lady having joined him, they were left to the rest and refreshment they seemed to need.

That something was peculiar in the relations of the pair had more than once struck the landlord, though wherein that peculiarity lay it was hard to decide. But that his guest was one who paid his way readily had been proved by his conduct, and dismissing conjectures, he turned to practical affairs.

About nine o'clock he re-entered the hall, and everything being done for the day, again walked up and down, occasionally gazing through the glass door at the prospect without, to ascertain how the weather was progressing. Contrary to previous prognostications, snow had ceased falling, and, with the rising of the moon, the sky had been partially cleared, light fleeces of cloud drifting across the silvery disk. There was every sign that a frost was going to set in later on. For these reasons the distant rising road was even more distinct now between its hedges than it had been in the declining daylight. Not a track or rut broke the virgin surface of the white mantle that lay all along it, all marks left by the lately arrived travellers having been speedily obliterated by the flakes falling at the time.

And now the landlord beheld by the light of the moon a sight very similar to that he had seen by the light of day. Again a black spot was advancing down the road that margined the vale. He was in a moment or two enabled to perceive that the present vehicle moved onward at a more headlong pace than the little carriage which had preceded it; next, that it was a brougham drawn by two powerful horses; next, that this carriage, like the former one, was bound for the hotel door. This desirable feature of resemblance caused the landlord to once more withdraw the sand-bag and advance into the porch.

An old gentleman was the first to alight. He was followed by a young one, and both unhesitatingly came forward.

"Has a young lady, less than nineteen years of age, recently arrived here in the company of a man some years her senior?" asked the old gentleman, ~~in haste~~. "A man cleanly shaven for the most part, having the appearance of an opera-singer, and calling himself Signor Smittozzi?"

"We have had arrivals lately," said the landlord, in the tone of having had twenty at least—not caring to acknowledge the attenuated state of business that afflicted Prospect Hotel in winter.

"And among them can your memory recall two persons such as those I describe?—the man a sort of barytone?"

"There certainly is or was a young couple staying in the hotel; but I could not pronounce on the compass of the gentleman's voice."

"No, no; of course not. I am quite bewildered. They arrived in a basket-carriage, altogether badly provided?"

"They came in a carriage, I believe, as most of our visitors do."

"Yes, yes. I must see them at once. Pardon my want of ceremony, and show us in to where they are."

"But, sir, you forget. Suppose the lady and gentleman I mean are not the lady and gentleman you mean? It would be awkward to allow you to rush in upon them just now while they are at dinner, and might cause me to lose their future patronage."

"True, true. They may not be the same persons. My anxiety, I perceive, makes me rash in my assumptions."

"Upon the whole, I think they must be the same, Uncle James," said the young man, who had not till now spoken. And turning to the landlord, "You possibly have not such a large assemblage of visitors here on this somewhat forbidding day that you quite forget how this couple arrived, and what the lady wore?" His tone of addressing the landlord had in it a quiet frigidity that was not without irony.

"Ah! what she wore; that's it, Charles. What did she wear?"

"I don't usually take stock of my guests' clothing," replied the landlord, dryly, for the ready money of the first arrival had decidedly biassed him in favor of that gentleman's cause. "You can certainly see some of it if you want to," he added, carelessly, "for it is drying by the kitchen fire."

Before the words were half out of his mouth the old gentleman had exclaimed, "Ah!" and precipitated himself along what seemed to be the passage to the kitchen; but as this turned out to be only the entrance to a dark china closet, he hastily emerged again, after a collision with the inn china had told him of his mistake.

"I beg your pardon, I'm sure; but if you only knew my feelings (which I can not at present explain), you would make allowances. Anything I have broken I will willingly pay for."

"Don't mention it, sir," said the landlord. And showing the way, they adjourned to the kitchen without further parley. The eldest of the party instantly seized the lady's cloak, that hung upon a clothes-horse, exclaiming: "Ah! yes, James, it is hers. I knew we were on their track."

"Yes, it is hers," answered the nephew, quietly, for he was much less excited than his companion.

"Show us their room at once," said the old man.

"William, have the lady and gentleman in the front sitting-room finished dining?"

"Yes, sir, long ago," said the hundred plated buttons.

"Then show up these gentlemen to them at once. You stay here to-night, gentlemen, I presume? Shall the horses be taken out?"

"Feed the horses and wash their mouths. Whether we stay or not depends upon circumstances," said the placid younger man, as he followed his uncle and the waiter to the staircase.

"I think, Nephew James," said the former, as he paused with his foot on the first step—"I think we had better not be announced, but take them by surprise. She may go throwing herself out of the window, or do some equally desperate thing."

"Yes, certainly, we'll enter unannounced." And he called back the lad who preceded them.

"I can not sufficiently thank you, James, for so effectually aiding me in this pursuit," exclaimed the old gentleman, taking the other by the hand. "My increasing infirmities would have hindered my overtaking her to-night, had it not been for your timely aid."

"I am only too happy, uncle, to have been of service to you in this or any other matter. I only wish I could have accompanied you on a pleasanter journey. However, it is advisable to go up to them at once, or they may hear us." And they softly ascended the stairs.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DISABLED IN MID-OCEAN.

It is the uniform testimony of officers and passengers that the storms on the Atlantic during the last few weeks have been more violent and dangerous than any that have been known in many years. The captain of the *City of Chester*, which reached New York last week, after a voyage of fourteen days, declares that he had never before experienced such perilous weather. The ship was tossed about like a feather by the enormous waves. A rushing mass of water covered the deck, and swept away everything that was not securely lashed. In the forward part of the ship a number of breakwaters had been constructed of heavy beams of wood to protect the forecastle. These timbers were eighteen inches wide and nine inches thick, yet the force of the waves was such that one of them was snapped off like a reed, and whirled about with such force as to shatter another one in pieces. The waves at one time were so high that they frequently struck the captain's bridge, twenty feet above the main-deck.

The stanch *City of Chester* came safely through this awful trial; but suppose that the shaft or any other material portion of her machinery had broken while the storm was at its height! Then there might have been a scene like that so forcibly depicted by Mr. Davidson on page 825. The huge and now unmanageable ship, driven and tossed by the terrible waves, the signals of distress displayed in the almost vain hope of assistance from some passing vessel, and all on board waiting the event with the calmness of courage or the delirium of terror. Night intensifies the horror if not the danger of the situation. The officers and crew have their duties to keep their hands and minds occupied; but the passengers, confined in the cabins, have nothing to do but wait. Every one who has been at sea in a heavy storm, as a passenger, knows the effect produced by such a situation on the minds of timid or inexperienced persons, and even the bravest are affected by the sense of helplessness. But no one can fully realize the horrors of a storm at sea who has not met with the experience delineated by our artist.

THE PHILADELPHIA ART EXHIBITION.

The exhibition of paintings now open at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, in Philadelphia, has a particular interest and importance from the fact that an earnest effort has been made to give it a representative character. The works comprising the collection are by American artists, and have been gathered, at the expense of the Academy, from the principal American cities, and from the European art centres where American artists and art students most do congregate. Unfortunately, owing to a difficulty between the Academy authorities and the Philadelphia Society of Artists—a quarrel in which a number of the artists of New York and elsewhere have sympathized with the Society—the collection is not so complete as it otherwise doubtless would have been; but although the catalogue does not contain some names that should be there, the exhibition accomplishes with tolerable completeness the object of its projectors, and gives a very satisfying and gratifying demonstration of present and prospective American art conditions. For the exhibition is not only a gratification itself, on account of the vast amount of highly meritorious work which it contains, but it holds out excellent promises. A goodly number of these pictures are by young men and young women who still have reputations to make, and it is especially noteworthy that a great deal of the most refined and most thorough-going workmanship in the collection is by painters who have had all their training on this side of the Atlantic.

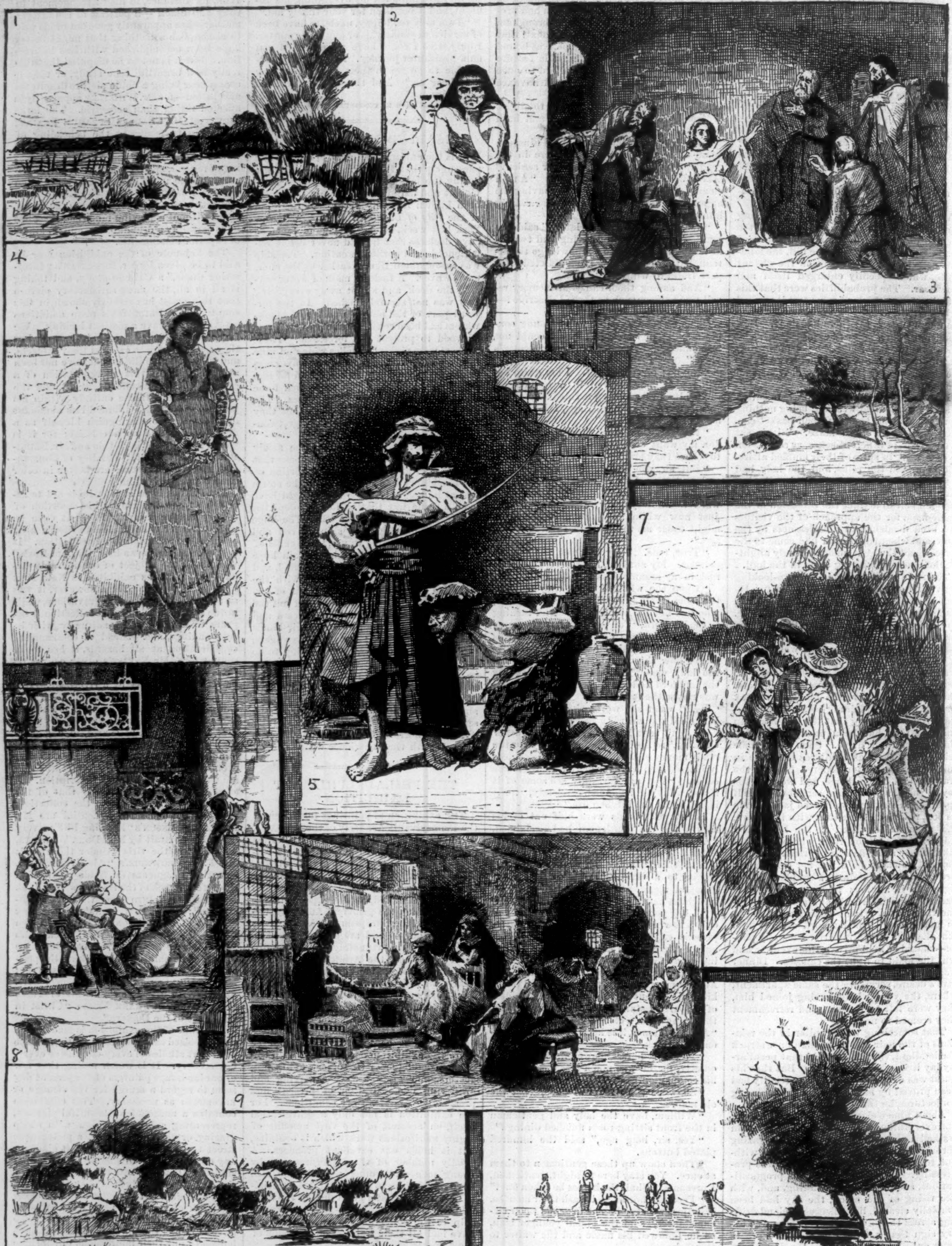
As compared with recent previous exhibitions of an analogous character in New York, Philadelphia, and other Eastern cities, the marked characteristic of this collection is reserve. There are very few pictures which can properly be described as aggressive or experimental, and even such works as make the most imperative demands upon the immediate consideration of the spectators do so through qualities which are the reverse of those which marked the crude but assertive canvases which made such a hubbub in art circles a few seasons ago. Mr. Whistler, for instance, in his "Arrangement in Gray and Black"—a portrait of the artist's mother—has apparently gone out of his way to accomplish something that might better have been accomplished with less indirection. But it is not to be disputed that this really is a beautiful tone study, or that it comes near being a noble picture despite its affectation—for Mr. Whistler apparently is affected rather than eccentric. The large canvas of Mr. Charles Sprague Pearce, professing to represent the beheading of John the Baptist, while it is an absolute failure subjectively, is nevertheless deserving of respect, and commands respect, on account of the masterly painting there is on it. Mr. Pearce may not be able to treat great themes—he has tried a number of times without achieving much success—but he is certainly a draughtsman and a painter of superior attainments.

The key-note of the exhibition may be said to be given by Mr. Bridgman's "Interesting Game," a Cairene study, and taking it all in all, the most satisfactory picture that this artist has recently shown in this country. Mr. Bridgman's more ambitious essays always have a distinct lacking. We may admit their great technical merit, but they assuredly fail to exhaust their subjects, and suggest possibilities that have not been attained to. In this representation of a game of chess in a coffee-house window the artist has had a theme entirely within his powers, while it has afforded him abundant opportunities to distinguish himself as a draughtsman and as a colorist; for it is worth noting that both this and Mr. Bridgman's other exhibit, "The Bey of Constantine receiving Visitors," are better in color than is usual with him.

Mr. Eakins is an artist who is apt to astonish and to irritate by his assertion of a very unique individuality, but even he pleases rather than excites antipathies by his chief contribution to this collection. It is true that he shows his "William Rush," which was the subject of considerable dispute when it was exhibited in New York some seasons ago. Then, however, it was an aggravation amongst aggravations, while in the present Philadelphia collection it appears to fall into place naturally with its surroundings, and instead of commanding consideration at all hazards, it has to be sought for. Mr. Eakins's other canvas represents some fishermen mending their net on a gentle acclivity by a river-side. It is undoubtedly the most pleasing work that this able but eccentric artist has thus far executed.

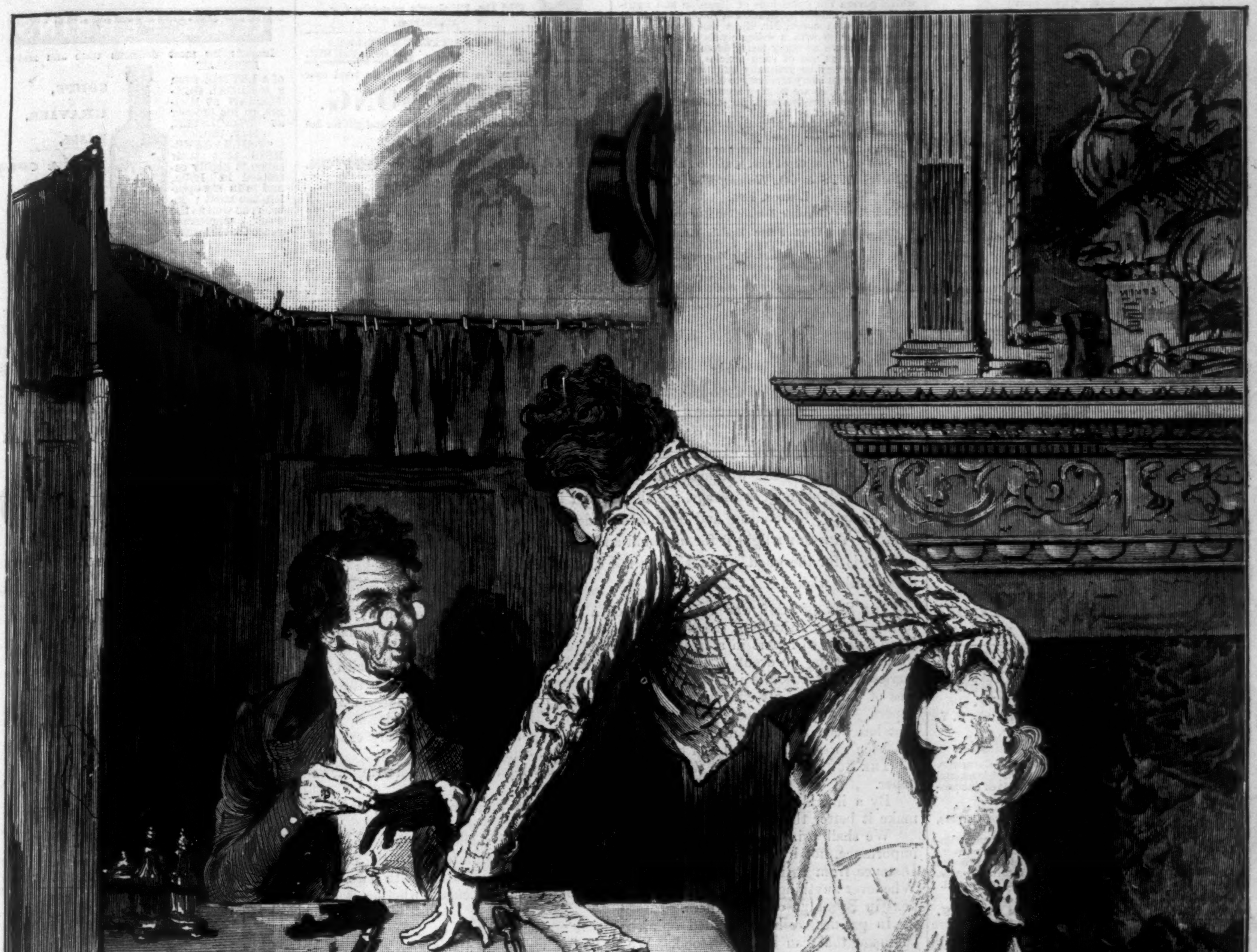
It is impossible, of course, in a general notice of an exhibition made up of four hundred and twenty-five canvases, to give even a mention of the many pictures that are well worthy of detailed description. It must suffice, therefore, to say that of the important contributions to the collection, some of the most consequential are Mr. Eastman Johnson's "Funding Bill"; a very charming portrait by Miss Dora Wheeler, which bears the title "Under the Palm"; Mr. F. B. Brownell's "Abel"; Mr. C. N. Swift's "Dragueurs de Sable"; Mr. S. H. Crone's "Wreck of the Hesperus"; Mr. L. B. Harrison's "Return from the First Communion"; Mr. W. P. W. Dana's "Bleak Day—Coast of Brittany," and "Off the French Coast—Moonlight"; Mr. W. L. Picknell's "Les Prés de St.-Vaast"—a superior piece of landscape painting, but lacking the positive qualities of his exhibits of last year; Mr. T. Juglaris's "The Invasion"; Mrs. Sarah W. Whitman's "Portrait of Three Boys"; and Mr. Frank Moss's "Christ in the Midst of the Doctors."

The bulk of the exhibition is made up of medium-sized canvases, representing for the most part studies of every-day life or every-day scenery. It is worth noting that few of our landscape painters of the present day seem to regard a search for the strange or uncommon as necessary. This exhibition contains a multitude of beautiful pictures, representing a bit of meadow with sheep grazing or children playing, a picturesque street corner or doorway, a forest glade, or any one of a hundred similar unpretending subjects. It is first-rate execution that carries the day with them. They are full of light and air, and they impress one as being the work of men who have felt the warm sunshine and enjoyed the feel of it, who have breathed the pure air until they have longed to put their impressions of sunshine and breathable atmosphere on canvas. Not being so pretentious as the topographical canvases which were wont to astonish the public but a very few years ago, and lacking perhaps to too great an extent high suggestive qualities, there are nevertheless delightful pictures which most adequately fulfill these artistic conditions. What they mean is that a multitude of our younger artists are getting very near to the great heart of nature, and at the same time are acquiring the skill necessary for the interpretation of the artistic secrets of nature.



1. Les Prés de St.-Vaast (William Picknell). 2. The Sphinx (Dora Wheeler). 3. Christ in the Midst of the Doctors (Frank Moss). 4. Return from the Communion (L. B. Harrison). 5. Decapitation of St. John the Baptist (C. S. Pearce). 6. Sand-Dunes, Naushon (Harry Chase). 7. En Fête Calvados (W. J. Hennessy). 8. The Antiquaries (F. L. Kirkpatrick). 9. An Interesting Game (F. A. Bridgman). 10. A Morning in Spring (R. Bruce-Crane). 11. Mending the Net (Thomas Eakins).

EXHIBITION OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS.—FROM SKETCHES BY H. G. WOODARD.—[SEE PAGE 827.]



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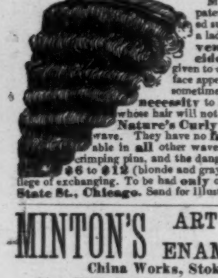

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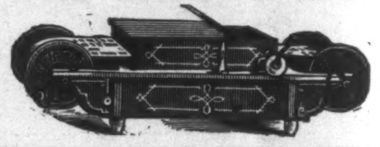

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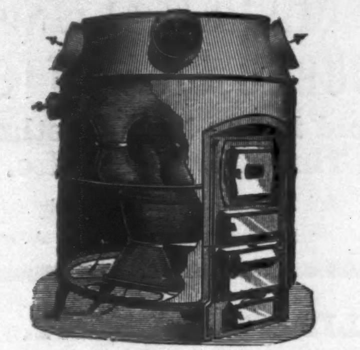

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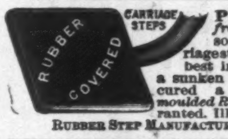

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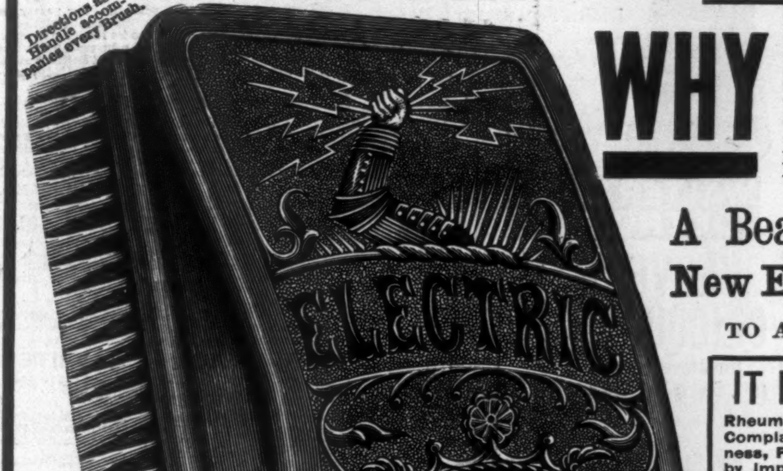
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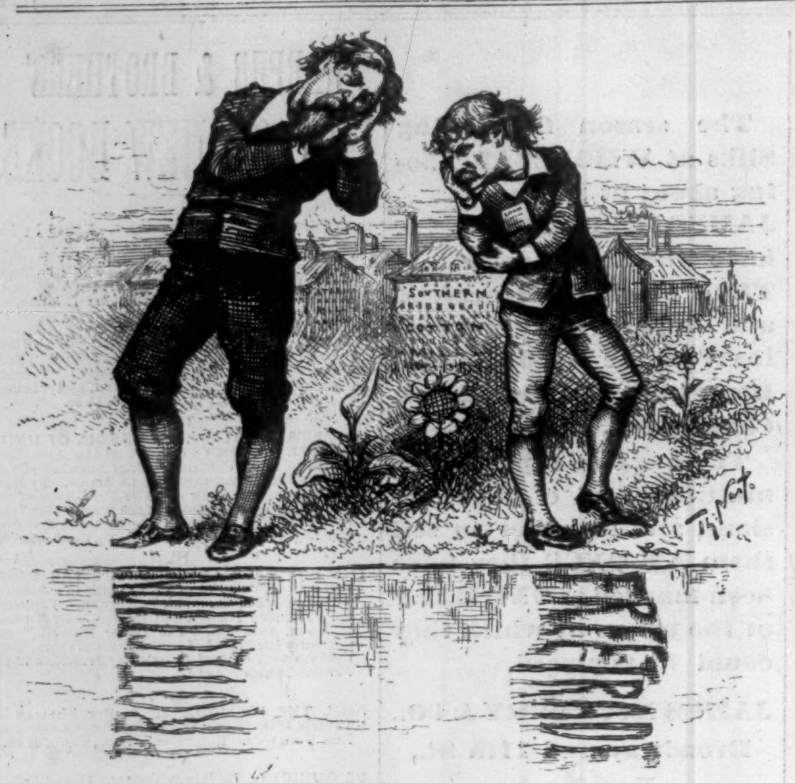

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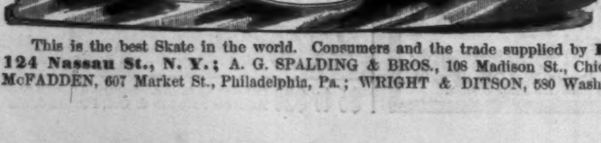

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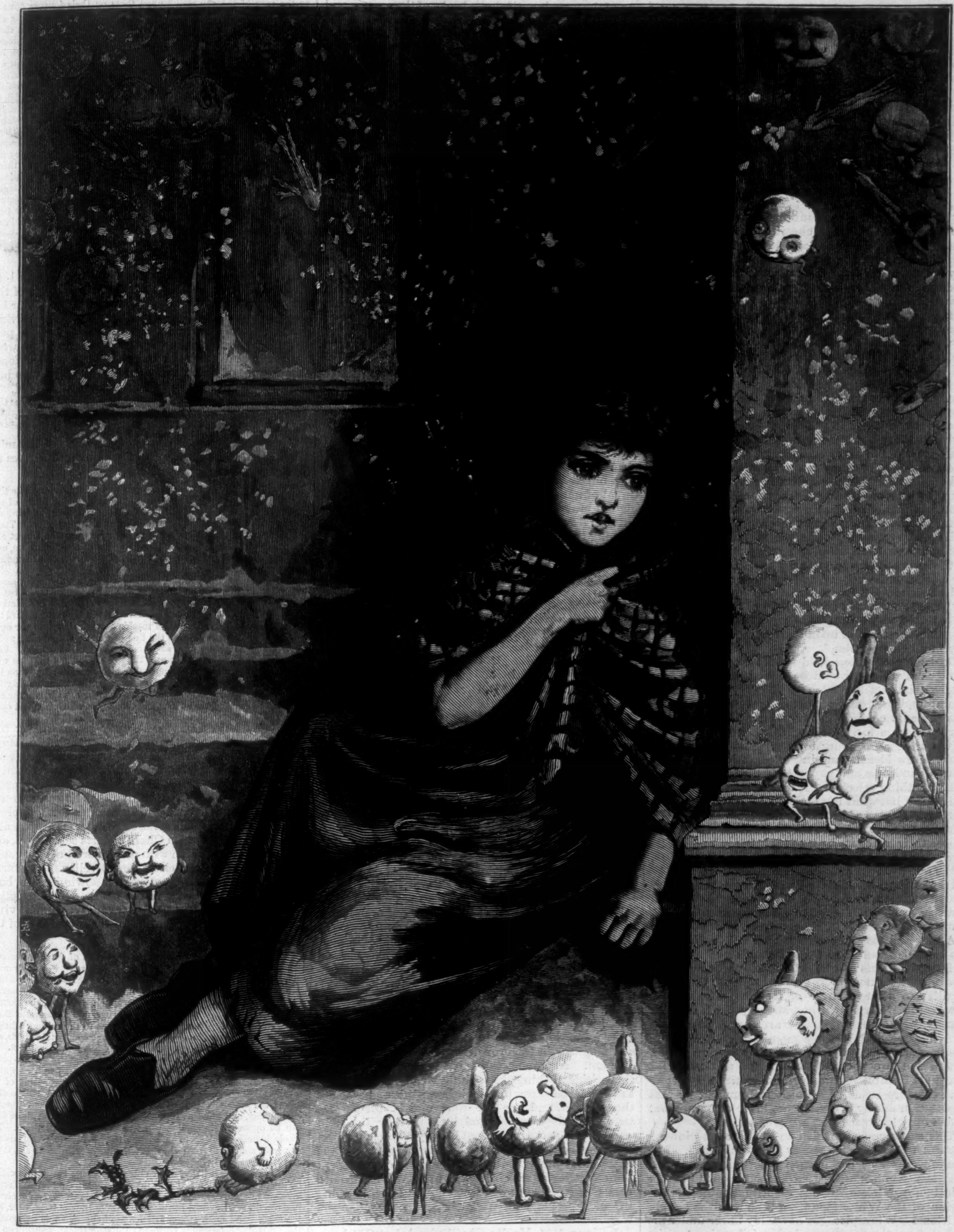


NELLIE'S DREAM.

One Christmas-eve our little Nell,
Sated with sweets delectable,
And longing for a little quiet
Away from all our madcap riot,
Stole gently to another room
For peace within its gathering gloom;
And, with a shawl wrapt closely round her,
No maiden's sleep was ever sounder.
First, looking through the window, she
By the fast-fading light can see
Some stragglers only, wading slow,
Yet cheerily, through banks of snow.
But—hocus-pocus!—soon the scene
Is changed as by a Fairy Queen.
The street, erewhile so dull, is rife
With sights and sounds of merry life.
Misshapen snow-balls boys had made
Are all alive, with light arrayed,
Like pumpkin-lanterns urchins make
To cause the little ones to quake.
And oh! the saucy pranks they play,
A poor girl filling with dismay
Who crouches on our door-step sitting,
With all these snow-imps round her flitting.
They bend to her with courtier grace,
And archly smiling in her face,
They wink and blink, and dance about,
The noisiest, merriest, maddest rout.
You never saw such funny creatures,
And all with the grotesquest features;
Straight from their heads, like little pegs—
They have no bodies—come their legs.
This strange ice-pudding, bulbous race
Hold all wayfaring folk in chase,
Who feel their feet on sudden fail them,
Nor know what treacherous foes assail them,
Nor hear the elfish laugh hysterical
Outbursting from those goblins spherical.
But suddenly the scene takes flight,
More quickly than it came to light.
Nell rubs her eyes with some surprise
As thus the fairy vision dies;
She looks into the quiet street—
No maiden now is on the seat;
The moon's mild rays are sweetly sleeping
Where imps their cantraps late were keeping;
And not a sound is louder heard
Than chirp of Nellie's little bird,
Or Polly on the hob susurring,
Or Pussy on the hearth-rug purring,
Or now and then the clinking fall
Of red-hot cinders—that is all.
What was the talisman that broke
The charm her fancy did evoke?
The conjurer was her brother Freddy,
Loud-screaming, "Nellie, tea is ready!"
Thoughts of the girl vexed Nellie's breast:
Was she a phantom like the rest?
Or some forlorn one, doomed to roam,
Such bitter night, without a home?
Nell threw the front door open. Lo!
There lay the child, half swathed in snow,
Stretched at full length, inanimate,
Like some fair corpse laid out in state.
Nell lifted, bore her to the hall,
Where soon, in answer to her call,
Flocked ready helpmates to her side,
Who prompt restoratives applied;
Nor vain our efforts, for again
The life-blood coursed through every vein.
So what might else have been right tragical
Was turned to joy by Love's might magical;
And having snatched from Death his prey,
Made sweeter still our Christmas-day.

BOOKS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

ANOTHER holiday season is near, when the interchange of tokens of love and friendship brings gladness to all hearts. There is literally no end to the beautiful and tasteful things displayed for the inspection of those in search of holiday gifts, but no one need be reminded that for young and old there is nothing better than a good book. A good book is a continual source of instruction as well as pleasure. The most beautiful trinket soon wearies its possessor, and the most attractive toy is before long thrown in the corner by its little owner as a worn-out and useless thing, but a book is like a friend, a constant and delightful companion for all times and seasons.

"Nothing," said Dr. Channing, "can supply the place of books. They are cheering or soothing companions in solitude, illness, affliction. The wealth of both continents would not compensate for the good they impart. Let every man, if possible, gather some good books under his roof. Almost any luxury should be sacrificed to this."

Many golden words have been said of books by wise men of all ages. Cicero, the great Roman orator, wrote: "Books are the food of youth, the delight of old age; the ornament of prosperity, the refuge and comfort of adversity; a delight at home, and no hinderance abroad; companions by night, in travelling, and in the country." One of the most graceful tributes to these faithful companions in the household is by Petrarch. "I have friends," he says, "whose society is extremely agreeable to me: they are of all ages, and of every country.... It is easy to gain access to them, for they are always at my service, and I admit them to my company and dismiss them from it whenever I please. They are never troublesome, but immediately answer every question I ask them. Some relate to me the events of past ages, while others reveal to me the secrets of nature. Some teach me how to live, and others how to die. Some by their vivacity drive away my cares and exhilarate my spirits, while others give fortitude to my mind, and teach me the important lesson how to restrain my desires and depend wholly on myself. They open to me, in short, the various avenues of all the arts and sciences, and upon their information I safely rely in all emergencies."

Books for the household should be selected with great care. They should be not alone instructive, but, especially when intended for the young, entertaining and interesting. Many in search of Christmas presents commit the error of going to a bookstore as they go to a toy-shop, withoutthe faintest idea of what they are going to buy. The multitude of books is bewildering, and in the confusion of the moment a handsome and gayly colored cover is very apt to be the thing selected. A tasteful cover is a beautiful thing, but what lies inclosed within must also be worthy. Buyers of books should carefully consider, before they start out, what they are in search of, and choose their purchase by a thoughtful estimate of its merits, and according to the taste and requirements of the one upon whom they wish to bestow a gift.

In the list of publications of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS may be found elegant, entertaining, and instructive books adapted to all ages, tastes, and circumstances.

A new and magnificent gift-book is *The Heart of the White Mountains: their Legends and Scenery*, by SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE, whose delightful studies of *Nooks and Corners of the New England Coast* are familiar to a large circle of readers. Mr. Drake's new volume is richly illustrated by W. HAMILTON GIBSON, who, with the peculiar artistic grace in which he is unsurpassed, pictures mountain and valley in summer sunshine, autumn haze, and driving storm. Mr. Gibson is a poet with his pencil, and while his drawings faithfully reproduce the scenes they represent, they are rendered exquisitely beautiful by that idealization felt by every sincere lover of nature, but which only the true artist can portray.

This sumptuous book is one of the most glowing tributes to American scenery ever published. Mr. Drake's power at picturesque description, combined with Mr. Gibson's artistic skill, is sufficient to render a dull subject beautiful, but when that subject is the region of the White Mountains, the result is simply delicious. Winnipiseogee never lay fairer under the summer sun than it reposes in Mr. Gibson's exquisite drawing; the North Conway meadows, the haunt of many artists, were never more tranquil among their mountain walls; cascades dash through dusky ravines, and one can almost hear the music of the water as it splashes and bubbles among the rocks; the old stage-coach rattles over the shaded mountain roads; and on the walls of the Flume, around the suspended bowlder, which always seems falling, yet remains steadfast as the eternal hills, shrubs and vines droop in graceful forms, as they have done for hundreds of summers, and will do for hundreds to come. With this book the readers may live over again by the winter fireside the delights of the passed-away holidays of summer.

The Heart of the White Mountains is an octavo volume, elegantly printed on thick paper, gilt-edged, and attractively bound in illuminated cloth. It is one of the most beautiful gift-books of the season, and describes one of the most celebrated localities in the United States in its most interesting aspects.

Another exquisite book, which may be considered as a companion volume to the last-mentioned, is *Pastoral Days*, both the text and the illustrations being by W. HAMILTON GIBSON, who is a fascinating author as well as artist. This volume is a special delight to those who are condemned to live perpetually among the brick walls and paved streets of large cities. In its grace and beauty it is like a garland of wild flowers, always fresh and blooming. Its elegantly printed pages record the memories of a New England year, and the changing glories of field and forest and meadow. Spring is represented by willow pussies, early blooming flowers, apple orchards resplendent with blossoms, damp meadows, and fields where birds search for snug corners for their nests, and other graceful tokens of nature's awakening. Summer is pictured in way-side tangles of grasses and flowers, among which revel butterflies, in moonlight by the river, and in all the gorgeous abundance which nature showers upon the earth from June to September. In autumn come the harvest fields, the sunny days of Indian summer, when nuts patter to the ground among fading leaves, and storms which sweep away the last glories of summer, leaving the woods bare and ready for the soft mantle of snow which falls on the land during nature's sleep. But even in winter Mr. Gibson's faithful pencil finds many beauties worth recording. The skating-pond is gay with boyish life, and along its ice-bound shore rabbits scamper through the thicket, and fantastic snow draperies form among the naked branches of trees and shrubs. It is not surprising that Mr. Gibson's exquisite portrayal of nature in all her moods has called forth the highest praise, not only throughout his own country, but also from the leading English papers, which pay glowing tributes to his work.

A magnificent folio volume, especially suitable for a Christmas gift, is COLERIDGE'S weird poem *The Rime of the Ancient Mariner*, with illustrations by GUSTAVE DORÉ, whose pencil was never more congenially employed than while picturing the strange scenes of that wonderful work of imagination. Both the binding and printing of this book are of the most sumptuous character. It forms one of the most attractive and valuable gift-books ever published.

A new book of travel by the celebrated author PAUL B. DU CHAILLU is *The Land of the Midnight Sun*. Mr. Du Chaillu is one who knows how to travel. The art of travelling is one which is only learned by years of experience. A person who finds himself in a foreign country for the first time is not capable of writing down his impressions in such a manner as to convey a correct picture to the reader of the people and places described. However impartial he may strive to be, the memories and traditions of his native land cling to him with such strength that he must perforce view other peoples and other customs as placed in comparison with those among which he has heretofore lived. He falls constantly into the error of noting down exceptional occurrences as characteristic of the country through which he is travelling, and his work is either overloaded with misjudgments, or possesses such a glamour of romance as can truthfully be thrown over no country except that happy land which exists only in the imagination of the poet. An inexperienced traveller may make a very readable book, but it will be of little value to any one who desires a true statement concerning any distant land.

Mr. Du Chaillu stands in the front rank of experienced travellers. He has been travelling all his life, and is equally at home in the wilderness of an African forest or in the crowded streets of New York or London. A mere narrative of travel describing only the outside of things he will not write, but he studies the people, he enters into their home-life, and becomes their friend, and for the time one of them. He travels as they travel, and lives as they live, and makes their past and present history a special subject for investigation. His preparation for a tour of the Scandinavian peninsula was to study the language of the countries in which he was to travel, for even a person of experience can learn but little of the inner life of a people with whom he can not exchange a word.

In June, 1871, Mr. Du Chaillu landed at Göteborg, the second city of Sweden, from which place he went by rail to Stockholm. Even before reaching the capital he had an opportunity of experiencing the delights of Swedish hospitality, and his observations of the people and of the country through which he passes are so charming that even at the outset the reader becomes enthusiastic to continue the journey through the land which Mr. Du Chaillu characterizes in this exquisite descriptive passage:

> "There is a beautiful country far away toward the icy North. It is a glorious land, with snowy, bold, and magnificent mountains; deep, narrow, and well-wooded valleys; bleak plateaux and slopes; wild ravines; clear and picturesque lakes; immense forests of birch, pine, and fir trees, the solitude of which seems to soothe the restless spirit of man; large and superb glaciers, unrivalled elsewhere in Europe for size; arms of the sea, called fiords, of extreme beauty, reaching far inland in the midst of grand scenery; numberless rivulets, whose crystal waters vary in shade and color as the rays of the sun strike upon them on their journey toward the ocean, tumbling in countless cascades and rapids, filling the air with the music of their fall; rivers and streams which, in their hurried course from the heights above to the chasm below, plunge in grand water-falls, so beautiful, white, and chaste that the beholder never tires of looking at them: they appear like an enchanting vision before him, in the reality of which he can hardly believe. Contrasted with these are immense areas of desolate and barren land and rocks, often covered with bowlders, which in many places are piled here and there in thick masses, and swamps and moorlands, all so dreary that they impress the stranger with a feeling of loneliness, from which he tries in vain to escape. There are also many exquisite sylvan landscapes, so quiet, so picturesque, by the sea and lakes, by the hills and the mountain-sides, by the rivers and in the glades, that one delights to linger among them. Large and small tracts of cultivated land or fruitful glens, and valleys bounded by woods or rocks, with farm-houses and cottages, around which fair-haired children play, present a striking picture of contentment. Such are the characteristic features of the peninsula of Scandinavia, surrounded almost everywhere by a wild and austere coast. Nature in Norway is far bolder and more majestic than in Sweden, but certain parts of the coast along the Baltic present charming views of rural landscape."

From Stockholm Mr. Du Chaillu proceeded to Haparanda, a town at the northern extremity of the Gulf of Bothnia, where he stopped to prepare for his overland journey to North Cape, on the Arctic Sea. Many were the warnings given him by the good people of Haparanda—the country was wild, there were no roads, and he would not be able to eat the food. Roads were of little consequence to the man who had penetrated the interior of Africa, and as to food, "I can eat anything," he answered. But even in the extreme north of Norway he found homes and open-handed hospitality.

He carefully observed the phenomena of the midnight sun, the appearance of which he describes as follows:

> "The brilliancy of the splendid orb varies in intensity, like that of sunset and sunrise, according to the state of moisture of the atmosphere. One day it will be of a deep red color, tingeing everything with a roseate hue, and producing a drowsy effect. There are times when the changes in the color between the sunset and sunrise might be compared to the variations of a charcoal fire, now burning with a fierce red glow, then fading away, and rekindling with greater brightness.
>
> "There are days when the sun has a pale, whitish appearance, and when even it can be looked at for six or seven hours before midnight. As this hour approaches, the sun becomes less glaring, gradually changing into more brilliant shades as it dips toward the lowest point of its course. Its motion is very slow, and for quite a while it apparently follows the line of the horizon, during which there seems to be a pause, as when the sun reaches noon. This is midnight. For a few minutes the glow of sunset mingles with that of sunrise, and one can not tell which prevails; but soon the light becomes slowly and gradually more brilliant, announcing the birth of another day, and often before an hour has elapsed the sun becomes so dazzling that one can not look at it with the naked eye."

His wanderings in these high latitudes were so full of interest and enjoyment that he decided to return in the winter "to wander with Laplanders and reindeer over snow mountains and along frozen valleys and rivers." So intense is the interest of the reader in this portion of the narrative that he can scarcely restrain himself from turning at once to those chapters where winter among the Laplanders is graphically described. But Mr. Du Chaillu starts southward, and the reader follows him with new interest at every step.

South of the arctic circle the traveller found farmers busy in the latter part of May sowing grain, both men and women being in the field. His description of the buildings of a Swedish farm gives a most vivid conception of the simple life of these peasants of the North.

> "The buildings," he writes, "are composed of detached houses, surrounding a sort of yard; all are painted red when the master is thrifty, and, at any rate, the dwelling-house: kitchen or flower gardens may be said to be unknown among the regular farmers.
>
> "In the reception-room, kept scrupulously clean, the floor is more or less covered with home-made rugs, and a porcelain stove, rounded or square, generally white, reaches to the ceiling, a height of about ten feet. The sleeping-rooms have comfortable beds, and the mattresses and pillows are invariably filled with feathers.
>
> "The great room is the kitchen, with its bright open fire-place, which gives light in the evening, and gladdens as well as warms the household; here, of course, the cooking and preparing of the meals take place, and its furniture is simple and serviceable. Along the walls are sliding beds of plain board, used as seats during the day, and filled with straw or hay for the night; these beds can be opened wide enough to accommodate two or three. The whole household sleep in that same room—brothers and sisters, men and maid servants; the women always with their skirts on, and the men partly dressed.
>
> "In this general living-room poles are secured near the ceiling by the fire-place, upon which in the evening the clothing and stockings are hung to dry. The cellar is under this room, and is accessible through a trap-door in the floor; there the potatoes, beer, butter, cheese, and sundry other articles are kept. In this living-room the every-day company is received; the men smoke, spitting on the floor, which is washed every Saturday, when a general cleaning takes place. Table-cloths are not used, but the board is kept clean; forks are unknown, and plates are rarely used, the bread being used instead. A large bowl of potatoes is placed in the centre of the table, from which each one helps himself; the butter is generally portioned out beforehand, and often the meat or fish; each helps himself also from a large wooden bowl containing sour milk, after shaking it well.
>
> "The people, except on extra occasions, change their linen or under-clothes once a week, on Saturday evening, after the work is finished. Often the family washing takes place only once in three months, and the amount is then enormous."

Summer life on the sæters among the Norwegian hills is most graphically described by Mr. Du Chaillu. In the latter part of June, when the mountain pastures are covered with luxuriant grass, a farmer, accompanied by two girls, drives the milch cows from their winter-quarters to the hills, and during the summer the girls are left alone to attend to the dairy.

"In July and August," says Mr. Du Chaillu, "I do not know of a more healthy climate than that of the sæters, especially when they are situated from three to four thousand feet above the level of the sea. The atmosphere at that elevation is most invigorating and beneficial, even to the Norwegians who live on the shores of the fiords or in the lower valleys. The air passing over the vast undulating and barren mountain plateau is peculiarly dry and exhilarating." The mountain life is a very busy and active one for the girls left in charge of the cattle.

Mr. Du Chaillu spent nearly five years in Scandinavia, during which time he traversed the peninsula in irregular courses, leaving scarcely a district which he did not study in minute detail. The fiords and interior waterways of the country were all visited, and in nearly every village and hamlet this enterprising traveller made friends among the simple, warm-hearted inhabitants. The glaciers and geological formation of Scandinavia were the objects of careful study, and the leading archæologists of both Norway and Sweden assisted Mr. Du Chaillu in his researches concerning the prehistoric and Viking ages of the peninsula. The chapters devoted to the stone, bronze, and iron ages contain much information of the highest value to students, and numerous illustrations are given of ancient weapons, domestic utensils, runic inscriptions, and other objects of interest.

In England Mr. Du Chaillu's new work has called forth expressions of the highest praise. The *Spectator* says: "It is a great pleasure to the reading world to renew their acquaintance with so old and cherished a friend as M. Paul Du Chaillu. Their first introduction to him was a memorable event, and has been a source of satisfaction to both parties. . . . The author's thorough liking and respect for the people among whom he travelled and lived, his sympathy with their tastes and their ways, his determination to learn Scandinavia by heart, beginning with its languages, and his abrogation of the custom of solitary meals for travellers, which at once placed him on a footing of familiarity with his hosts everywhere, give his book a distinctive character that renders it extremely interesting. He is a wonderfully close and comprehensive observer. . . . No writer has made travels in desolate regions more attractive; he seizes upon every object of animal and vegetable life, and he diversifies the closely descriptive portions of the work, in which useful knowledge is packed with professional skill, with personal details, anecdotes, and remarks that carry the reader on in an invariably pleasant companionship."

The *Athenæum* is equally cordial in its expressions of admiration. In speaking of the characteristics of Mr. Du Chaillu as a traveller and author, it says: "Every one must appreciate the thoroughness of his plan of action. Devoting a certain number of years to his task, beginning by a study of the language, and afterward adopting the costume and the ways of different classes, and living by turns in the closest intimacy with each, he has made the subject peculiarly his own. The result is a book which is not only full of information on a variety of topics affecting the life of the people and the country they inhabit, but enlivened throughout by the author's strong and—as he not unwillingly allows us to perceive—eccentric individuality."

These opinions are also expressed by other English critics, whose words are weighty in the literary world; and from the reviews of his own countrymen Mr. Du Chaillu's book has received universal and well-deserved approbation. *The Land of the Midnight Sun* is published in two elegant octavo volumes, with a map, and over two hundred and thirty illustrations, which are mostly from photographs taken expressly for this work.

Mr. Du Chaillu's books of African adventure for young people are already so popular and so widely known that it is scarcely necessary to remind those searching for children's books that there is no reading more entertaining, or containing more interesting adventure in a wild and strange country.

Harper's library of travel, containing works by the very first authors, is extensive and varied, and embraces authentic and picturesque accounts of all lands and peoples. A small and beautifully illustrated volume of travel is *Tyrol and the Skirt of the Alps*, by George E. Waring, Jun. The Tyrol and its picturesque inhabitants never found a more appreciative admirer than Mr. Waring. His descriptions are graceful and brilliant, and refreshing to the reader as the air of the mountains among which he travels. He combines with scenic description much information regarding the people, their life, and their industries, and any one meditating a trip to that beautiful region can not prepare himself better for the journey than by reading this book; others not so fortunate may enjoy the Tyrol by their own firesides under Mr. Waring's guidance, walk the streets of its quaint cities, climb its mountains, and take delight in the delicate beauty of Edelweiss and Alpen roses. The volume is exquisitely bound, and in every way suitable for a tasteful holiday present.

A valuable and interesting volume of travel and exploration is *Peru*, by E. George Squier. The recent disastrous war between Chili and Peru has turned the attention of the public toward that portion of South America. Many ancient Peruvian monuments have been destroyed or carried away by the Chilian armies, but a complete illustrated account of them exists in this book. Mr. Squier's whole life was devoted to the investigation of the ancient monuments which are all that remain to tell the story of the extinct races of the American continent. The interest in these relics of an almost prehistoric past, which stretch from the Northern United States southward through Mexico and along the western slope of South America, was never more intense than at the present time, and Mr. Squier's book, while of exciting interest to all readers, is especially valuable to archæological students.

A magnificent work of African travel is *Through the Dark Continent*, by Henry M. Stanley, illustrated with ten important maps and one hundred and fifty wood-cuts. Mr. Stanley is the most daring and successful of all African explorers, and the story of his journey across the continent from the western to the eastern coast is of the most thrilling interest.

Another work of geographical research and important scientific information is *The Heart of Africa*, by Dr. Georg Schweinfurth, also with many maps and wood-cuts. Dr. Schweinfurth entered Africa from the north, and thoroughly explored the central portion of the continent, following a route entirely different from that afterward pursued by Mr. Stanley. The investigations of these two renowned travellers are of equal importance and interest, and together with the works of Mr. Du Chaillu and of the lamented Dr. Livingstone, form a complete library of African travel.

One of the most interesting books of travel and scientific investigation relating to the sea is Sir C. Wyville Thomson's *Voyage of the Challenger*, in two octavo volumes, illustrated with a portrait of the author, many colored maps, temperature charts, and wood-engravings. These volumes give the results of the voyage in the Atlantic in 1873 and the early part of 1876. The narrative is peculiarly attractive. In an easy and graceful but vigorous style the author gives not a mere narration of events, but exceedingly clear descriptions of all the forms of nature discovered in the deep sea; and his work, while it is a most worthy contribution to physical geography, to ethnology, and to zoology and botany, is one which the general reader who is not particularly interested in scientific details may peruse with delight. The illustrations are beautiful specimens of wood-engraving, and nothing can surpass the elegance of the typography and general "get up" of the volumes.

This work relates only to the researches in the Atlantic; but readers who desire to possess a delightful sketchy account of the entire voyage may find it in *The Cruise of Her Majesty's Ship Challenger*, by W. J. J. Spry, R.N. It is a crown octavo volume, with maps and fine illustrations, and the narrative consists of a series of attractive sketches of scenes and incidents of voyages over many seas and in countries visited by the *Challenger*. It is full of pleasant little "bits by the way." The islands of the Atlantic and Pacific oceans, South America, Asia, Australia, Africa, and a host of other lands, are successively visited and described. In almost any case the account of a voyage around the world would be entertaining; in Mr. Spry's volume there is the additional interest of scientific investigation and discovery, told in a most charming and attractive manner.

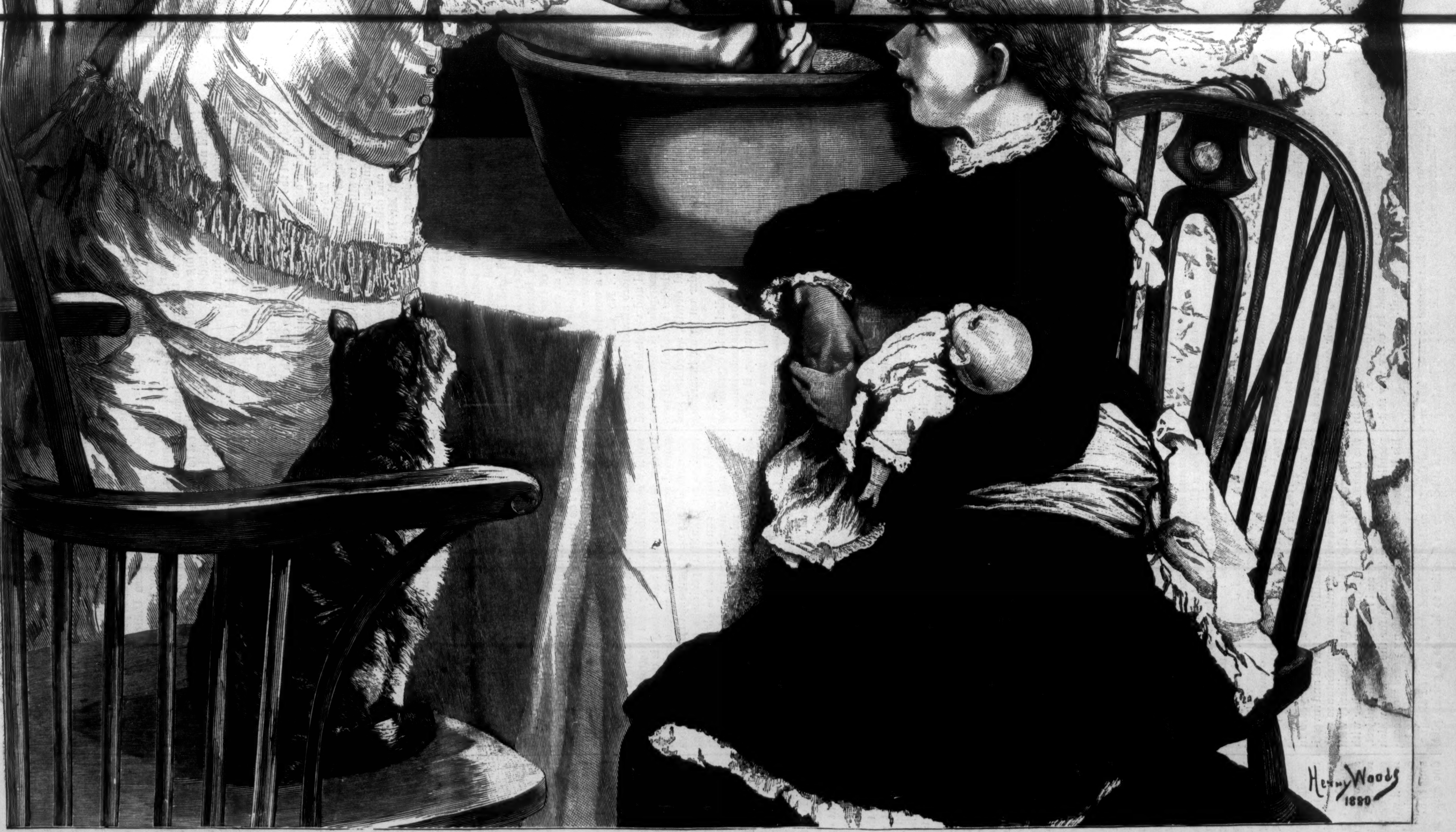
An instructive and at the same time entertaining book of American travel is *New Colorado and the Santa Fe Trail*, by A. A. Hayes, Jun., a handsomely printed octavo volume of 200 pages, illustrated with a map and sixty-one beautiful wood-engravings. Mr. Hayes is an observant traveller, and his narrative and descriptions, written in a clear and pleasant style, abound in information which intending settlers in the region which he traversed will find to be of the highest advantage, as he took nothing at second hand, but verified every statement by personal investigation. It would be impossible to name a more useful book for mining engineers who may be looking toward Colorado as the scene of practical operations. Mr. Hayes possesses a keen eye for the humorous, and his pages are frequently enlivened with racy anecdotes and stories of character and incident.

For a Christmas present to a clergyman, or indeed to any one who feels an interest in the Holy Land, nothing could be more appropriate than a copy of *Southern Palestine and Jerusalem*, by Dr. W. M. Thomson. This elegant and sumptuous volume of nearly six hundred pages contains two carefully engraved maps, thirty-five full-page illustrations, and 109 inserted in the text, executed in the highest style of wood-engraving. A residence of many years in Palestine, with special facilities for travel and investigation, combined with an intimate acquaintance with the languages of the Bible, and equal familiarity with the common language of the country, together with a spirit of earnest piety and reverence for his subject, peculiarly fitted Dr. Thomson for the task to which his life has been dedicated. Many years were consumed in the preparation of this volume. It may be said that the author explored every foot of Palestine, until it became as familiar to him as a garden plot. He has visited every city and village, investigated ruins, observed narrowly all customs and habits, all peculiarities of dress, the implements of all manner of crafts, the physical conformation of the country, its plants and animals—everything, in short, which would tend to throw light upon the narratives and teachings of the Bible. His style is easy and familiar, and although his work is the product of immense research and great erudition, there is no parade of learning in his pages, and nothing beyond the comprehension of the common English reader. An admirable feature of the illustrations is that they are not intended merely to delight the eye by their exquisite delicacy, but to impart instruction. In every case they have been made from photographs or carefully executed sketches; the landscapes are accurate transcripts of the scenes which they portray, and the costumes, features, and manners of the people, their implements and dwellings, are represented with absolute fidelity to truth. The work would be an invaluable addition to the library of every student of the Bible.

A very interesting book of travel in the East is *The Land of the White Elephant*, by Frank Vincent, Jun., of which a new edition has just been issued, with an important supplement containing the results of the latest investigations in Burmah, Siam, Cambodia, and Cochin China. Especially interesting are the researches in Cambodia, for which country Mr. Vincent has endeavored to do what Stephens did for Yucatan, and Squier for Peru. Not even the investigations which have shown to us the buried cities of Cyprus have thrown more light upon the excellence attained by Eastern art than have the splendid and stupendous ruins found in the interior of Indo-China. Since the first publication of his work, seven years ago, the author has bestowed much time and study on the subject of these mysterious and wonderful antiquities, with special reference to the solution of such problems as the probable date when the cities were built, and by what races, the present home of the descendants of the builders, and the religion to which their magnificent temples were dedicated. The results of his researches, greatly condensed but clearly stated, are set forth in the supplement to the new edition of his work. *The Land of the White Elephant* is a handsomely printed octavo volume, splendidly illustrated with maps, plans, and numerous finely executed wood-engravings.

A new book of present interest is *The Yorktown Campaign, and the Surrender of Cornwallis*, by Henry P. Johnston, author of other historical studies on different epochs of the American Revolution. The centenary of the Declaration of Independence and all the lesser episodes of the Revolutionary war have been celebrated throughout the length and breadth of the United States, the last on the 19th of October at Yorktown. The outlines of the history of the Yorktown campaign are familiar to every patriotic school-boy, but Mr. Johnston's book gives this important episode in its fullest details in a style interesting to both old and young readers. The recent publication of Washington's manuscript journal, covering the operations of 1781, has placed new and important material in Mr. Johnston's hands. The letters and journals of several French officers have also been lately translated and published, which have served to throw new light upon many points of the co-operation of the French with the American forces. In the appendix to his book Mr. Johnston gives a list of the authorities he has consulted, together with some extracts from Washington's journal, letters from American officers, and other papers of interest. The volume is illustrated with maps and portraits, and is a most valuable addition to the library of Revolutionary history.

A very recently published work, the vast importance of which will be at once recognized, is a *Popular Cyclopædia of United States History, from the Aboriginal Period to* 1876, by Benson J. Lossing, the well-known author of many books on American history, and the best living authority on that subject. A work of this character has long been a necessity, as the information it contains has hitherto been scattered through many volumes, which rendered it unavailable for those who had no leisure to spend in the perusal of books without end. Even in those families which possess a complete and well-read library of American history, questions are constantly arising concerning dates, or the particulars of different events, which hitherto could only be answered by long search through many volumes. This constantly recurring trouble, which was felt alike by teachers, writers of every class, families, and even by school-children, is relieved in the most perfect manner by Mr. Lossing's new work. All events of any importance in the history of the United States, from the earliest period to 1876, are briefly recorded therein, and short biographical sketches are given of all men and women conspicuous in our national history. By reference only to the initial letter of the title of any event, or the name of any person in any way connected with our history, a brief sketch will be found conveying the desired information. Not only are persons conspicuous in history included in this work, but due space is also given to notices of inventors, men



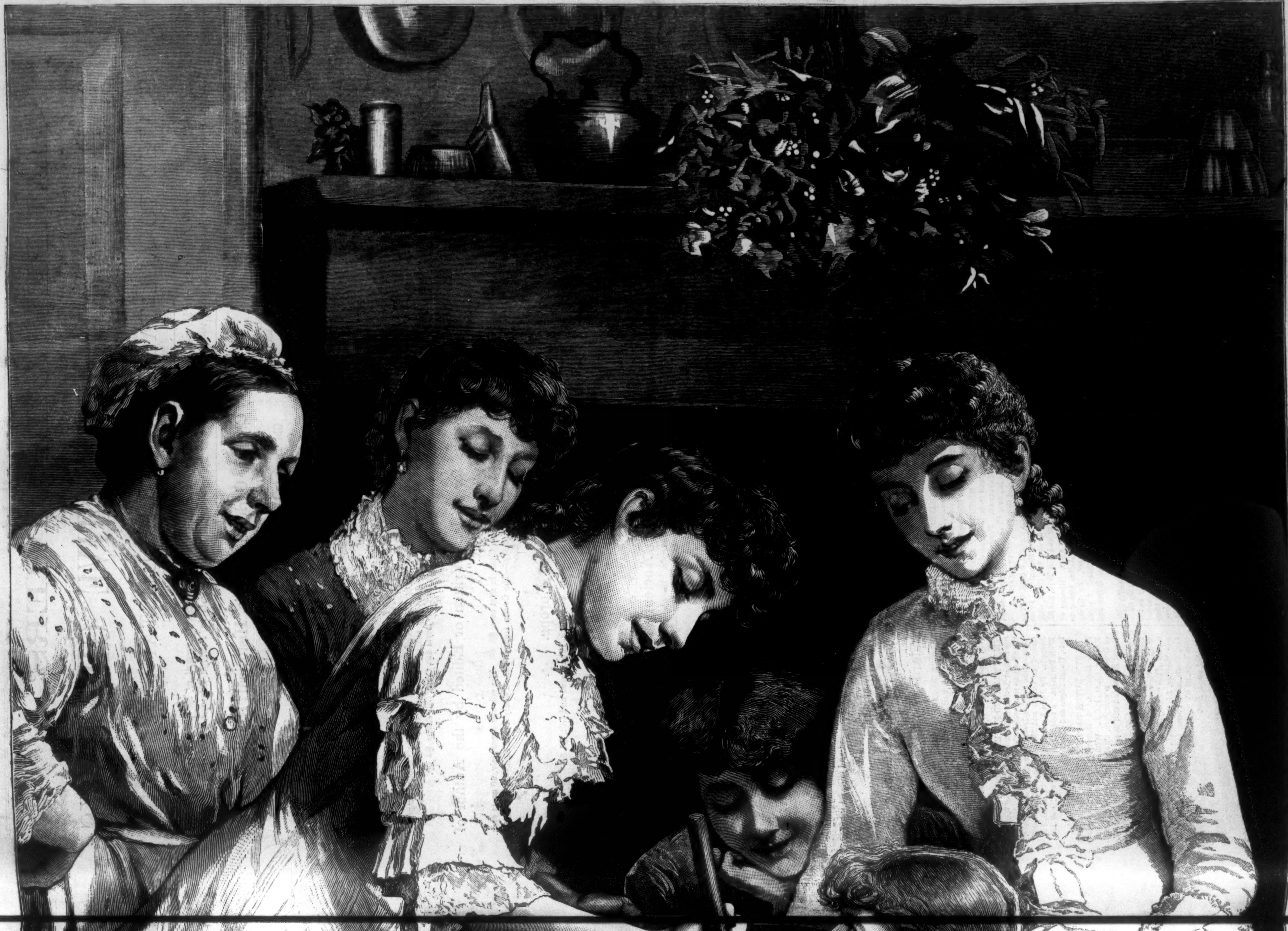
STIRRING THE CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

who have been prominent and influential in the mercantile and industrial development of the country, and to noted artists and literary men. Many events and many actors in the history of other nations also receive attention, so far as they have the smallest connection with affairs of the United States.

This work, which is in two large octavo volumes, is illustrated with steel portraits of Washington and Lincoln, and over one thousand wood-engravings. These engravings comprise portraits of eminent men and women, maps, pictures of celebrated localities, fac-similes of documents, signatures, and Continental money, and illustrations of many other things of interest. There is no better book for introduction into a select family library, especially where there are children, always inquisitive, and never satisfied in their search for information, especially about the history of their own country. The school class-books give outlines and suggestions, but can not, within their narrow limits, satisfy the inquiries of bright boys. Every mother knows the endless string of questions in which she is daily entangled, and which she can not answer. Mr. Lossing's book is one of those most convenient at such times, as it entirely covers the vast field of American history, with which all young people should be familiar, and about which they have a never-failing interest. Any parent who selects this compendium of American history as a Christmas gift to his family will find many a long winter evening cheered and brightened by its presence in his household.

The Works of Oliver Goldsmith, in four volumes, uniform with the new library editions of Macaulay, Hume, and other historians, have recently been published by Messrs. Harper & Brothers. This edition of Goldsmith's works is edited by PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A., and is the most complete collection of the works of Goldsmith which has ever appeared. It not only contains more pieces, but is also the one in which all the last corrections made by the author have been carefully preserved. The final emendations by Goldsmith are of the utmost importance, as the most minute touch from his hand was effective, but other editors have been very remiss in their selection of the correct text. Mr. Cunningham's task was most conscientiously performed. All earlier editions, especially those published in the lifetime of the author, were carefully studied, and the version believed on investigation to be the most correct is given in Mr. Cunningham's work.

A distinguishing feature of this edition is the introduction of Goldsmith's letters, which well deserve a place among his works, as they contain some of his most brilliant thoughts, and reveal his character as it appeared to his most intimate friends. The translation of Vida's *Game of Chess*, that celebrated Italian poem of the sixteenth century, is also given exclusively in this edition. The notes are very full, and to those by Goldsmith's own hand his name is appended. Other features combine to make Mr. Cunningham's edition superior to earlier ones. It is the one that should be chosen by those who desire to add the works of Goldsmith to their library. The form in which it now appears is attractive as well as useful. It is printed from new electrotype plates in large, clear type, substantially and neatly bound in cloth.



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